

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

ALICE B. HAVEN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"You might have won the poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim.

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends,
Through troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice." TENNYSON.

EMILY BRADLEY, the name borne in childhood by Mrs. Haven, was born in Hudson, New York, September 13, 1827. Her father, a man of pride, ambition, and indomitable purpose, but softened by tender and generous impulses, whom even his children could only remember as a sad-hearted and depressed invalid, died on Emily's third birthday, in 1830. She thus became the charge of a mother most unlike the father in character and disposition; the representative of a family noted for firm faith and fervent piety. Emily's largest inheritance, both mental and spiritual, was from this side of the family; but there was a persistent force of character derived from her father which marked her whole life. Even in childhood she exhibited in her character the opposite traits inherited from her widely-differing ancestors, one or another predominating in the various phases she passed through, and giving tone to the different periods of her life. These, too, could all be traced in her later years, not then presenting contrarieties that were perplexing and discouraging to those around her, but harmonized by her religion into a character forcible in action, unremitting from principle, and profound in devout medita-

tion and in a rich spiritual life. Never was there a better illustration of the many-sidedness which is essential to breadth of interest, sympathy, and purpose. It was this large nature, this comprehensiveness of mind and heart which, finally purified by the graces of God's Spirit, absorbed self, and made the noble woman.

It is impossible in this article to trace the growth of the rich and harmonious character developed in this woman from a nature of strong endowments acted upon by the stern duties and conflicts of life and sanctified by the simultaneous growth of a deep and earnest religious life. But it is well worth our study, and contains many an impressive lesson of God's merciful ways, even in affliction, of subduing the proud, ambitious, and even rebellious nature into gentleness, submission, and purity.

She was a delicate child, nervous and impressible, and from an early disease of the eyes, which made it necessary for months to abstain from study, and for weeks to sit alone in a darkened room, a habit of introversion and deep self-study was originated as well as a disposition to complain of her allotment and a purpose to rise above it and shine in despite of it. Notwithstanding frequent necessary interruptions, she learned rapidly on all subjects, and from her very affliction her memory became powerfully developed, and it was to this faculty she was indebted for her remarkably-extensive knowledge. Her school-life has its record in a journal begun when she was but twelve years old, and in many little stories written for juvenile magazines and readers and published under her favorite *nomme de plume*, "Cousin Alice." She continued her journal through life. She "completed her education" at New Hampton. She had already begun to use her pen, as was shown by an accumula-

*See portrait in August number.
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tion of manuscripts, some indicating more than common promise, while others were merely the safety-valves of a nature that from its frequent forced seclusion found little and inadequate expression to those around her. During part of her last term at school she occupied herself with a travestie of the fourth book of the *Æneid*, which was very cleverly done, and which was read with great applause at a public examination. Even at this age she was fitted for such a work by a quick and subtle play of humor joined to a fine, keen wit. No good point in a subject escaped her, and her use of language was dextrous and graceful. In conversation her repartee, which flashed as quickly as the Summer lightning, the ready allusion for which she was indebted to her memory, the apt quotation from the same source, the witty comparison, so clever and yet so unexpected by slower and less fertile minds, made up the quality of the talk which came with feminine fluency, and in a low, soft voice, whose inflections were always attractive in themselves.

About this time Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, the author of the famous "Charcoal Sketches," which were then in the height of their popularity; established a literary newspaper, which he called "Neal's Saturday Gazette." Some numbers of this paper found their way to New Hampton, and excited the admiration of the clique in school who aspired to be writers. For this paper Emily wrote a story called "The First Declaration," which she sent to Mr. Neal with the *nomme de plume* of Alice G. Lee. The story was not only accepted, but was published with a very kind editorial notice. This contribution was followed by others, both prose and verse, many of which were very flatteringly alluded to by Mr. Neal in his "Notices to Correspondents." She now soon left school for her home in Hudson. There an interesting correspondence sprang up between Mr. Neal and herself, at first entirely literary and critical, but after a while softening into something more tender and intimate; and yet it was quite a year from the beginning of this correspondence before Mr. Neal learned the real name of his fair correspondent. In company with Mr. Richards, Emily's brother-in-law, who resided in Charleston, South Carolina, and who was also a fellow-editor, Mr. Neal visited her in Hudson in September, 1846. It resulted in a confirmation of the agreeable impressions their letters had produced, and soon after his return home he declared his affection for the brilliant young girl whose ability he had admired and fostered and offered marriage;

he was accepted, and they were married in December of the same year.

A new volume of the journal begins the record of her new life. On its first page is a motto from Burns, whose significance was made plain by the events which followed her removal to Philadelphia:

"Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring its various bias;
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But never what 's resisted."

Below this are Mrs. Fry's rules for daily living:

"1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day, but always be in the habit of being employed.

"2. Never err the least in truth.

"3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst not say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but *feel* so.

"4. Never be irritable or unkind to any one.

"5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.

"6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to right action is most difficult, feel confidence in the Power which alone is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go."

Thus did she begin to signify the fresh and worthy aims of her life. Her marriage with Mr. Neal introduced her to a new society. First, to that of his own mother, seventy years of age, but of dignified bearing, and clear and vigorous intellect, keeping pace with the literary life of her son, whose companion and adviser she had been for forty years of widowhood; and secondly, to his own friends, who were naturally men and women of cultivated and mature intellects, who had their own misgivings of a marriage of such unequal ages and natures. But she was equal to the trying ordeal. The brilliant and blooming girl came like sunshine into the quiet household, and soon won the kindness and esteem of all her husband's friends. At his request, and that of his mother also, she retained the name under which Mr. Neal had first known her, and "Alice" became the household name of the bride, and by this name only was she known in the circle of her new friends and to the public, before whom she now frequently appeared as a writer. She wrote so much, indeed, during the first year that she used other

cognomens for the reading world, and "Clara Cushman" and "Cousin Alice" were names as well known as Alice G. Lee.

But the bright hopes and swelling happiness of the young wife were doomed to speedy interruption. When they had been married three or four months Mr. Neal had a peculiar illness resembling brain fever. From the prostration of the fever he recovered, and, though to the casual acquaintance he seemed quite well again, yet the balance was never restored. On some subjects a settled mania continued, and there were intervals when reason was quite unseated. How Alice bore herself in this terrible trial may be gathered from the following record in her journal: "When I commenced this volume I was full of hope, a new day, the brightest of my life, was dawning. Now it would seem as though hope had forever left me. My husband is, I fear, incurably insane—a fate more terrible than my imagination could have pictured. God only knows what he is suffering. I, his wife, who am with him night and day, can not tell a tithe of the agony which makes him weary of life. 'It is hard to leave you, my own Alice,' he says; 'I dare not think of the parting with my poor mother. Yet would that I might end my despair, would that I could sleep in peace!' And then he reproaches himself for bringing me from a happy home to a scene of so much present and future misery. In vain I tell him that I have strength 'to hope all things, suffer all things,' that I know he will recover. 'Every dark cloud has its silver lining,' I say. This is, perhaps, but the shadow of that dreaded 'first year' of which we often spoke. 'Poor child!' he replies, 'would to heaven it were so for your sake and my poor mother's! O, Alice, that you should love me so well! Promise me the day shall never come when you will hate my memory, when you will say, 'He was the destroyer of my peace.'"

"Perhaps I do not know my own heart, but now I feel sure that I could die calmly and happily did I know my death would restore to him health and happiness. Most terrible of all, none but myself know the fatal secret. I must bear my fear and my anguish alone. I knew I was too happy, that some fearful gloom was hanging over that bridal, even though my heart fainted with excess of joy. I will try to banish this fear. It may be that we are both deceived, that my husband will yet be restored to me. 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.'"

Two or three months more went by, and the troubled spirit of Joseph C. Neal was at rest.

The aged mother lost the object of a life's devotion, the young wife one whom she revered and loved with the fervor and romance of her age and nature. Alice was long recovering from the shock. The strain on her nervous system could not but be severely felt for many months, and the bewildering effects of her sudden bereavement were almost paralyzing. But the stern realities of life soon began to press upon her. Mr. Neal's property was embarked in the paper upon which he was engaged. This investment she preferred to retain, and she became one of the editors of the paper. Before this she had written editorials under her husband's eye; now she was to act alone. Certain departments were assigned to her, and one she almost created in its freshened beauty and value. The juvenile department called "The Bird's Nest" had many sweet voices issuing from it beside that of "Cousin Alice," as Mrs. Neal called herself when writing for children. Some of the best female writers of the day contributed to the paper. Fanny Forrester, one of the most interesting contributors hitherto, had become Mrs. Judson, and was no longer in the country, but many old and new friends gladly gave all the aid in their power to the efforts made by the young widow to sustain the reputation of the Gazette. We can not pursue the career of Mrs. Neal through this struggle. She had voluntarily accepted this life of earnest and self-denying effort. The trials were sharp indeed; the record of them shows how early her life became as soon as she stood alone unguided and unguarded. She was very young for the place she held before the world, very inexperienced, and considered very charming. There was a rare maturity about her, the result of uncommon ability and insight; but her temptations, so fully set forth in her own language, brought snares to her path, which only more than mortal foresight and prudence could render harmless. She had to pass the fiery ordeal of a beautiful, accomplished, brilliant, successful young widow. She did not pass it unscathed; but the fiery trial only scorched the garments, leaving the real person unharmed. There was a spirit within her, the Divine Spirit, which, ever acting on her habit of self-thought and self-analysis, kept her free and pure amid the vanities, the flatteries, the gayeties, and even the calumnies through which she was called to pass. Her temptations and trials might well awaken questions of the purpose God had in view in leading her through these rough and thorny ways. To those who knew her in later years

it was made plain; to her it was mysterious, except as she saw in it the loosening of her hold on the world.

For six years she continued this struggle, during which we find her passing into a sincere and fervent Christian experience, and developing into a subdued and loving Christian character. At the end of this time we find the following record: "Five years from the date of our partial engagement we were married after dinner in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia." This is the simple record of this event in her life, though she had been five years considering it, and had weighed the subject with the utmost care and deliberation. Returning from church, Alice, with Mr. Haven, entered the parlor. Mrs. Neal sat in her accustomed place by the window. Alice went up to her. "Mamma, I have decided; I am Mr. Haven's wife." The old lady said quietly, though a little tremulously, "You have been a good daughter, Alice; you will be a good wife," and so she blessed her with unspoken words, each heart full of that which could not be uttered, as they recalled the former bridal.

And now succeeds a new home-life of ten years, in which Alice Haven developed into one of the most lovely Christian characters. Gentle, patient, self-denying, exemplary, firm in her Christian faith, large in charity, and abundant in good works, we can see her growing up day by day into Christ. Dying unto sin through a gradual crucifixion of soul and body, the one by trials, the other by sickness, we behold her rising in newness of life and walking with God. Harmonious character is not an inheritance or an endowment. It is the result of strenuous effort; it is the guerdon of the self-controlled; it is the unconscious crown of the devoted, the self-denying, the resolute and fervent spirit. If intellectual character be "knowledge organized into faculty," then religious character is simple faith matured into spiritual insight. So it was with Alice Haven. It was not a sudden leaping into life, but a growth from a child in Christ into a ripened Christian, through hard struggles, many futile efforts, and much discouragement, each advance exhibiting a life of increasing singleness and humility. We can not trace these struggles and this growth of ten years; nor is it needful. It is not a life of extraordinary incidents; it is made up of the common routine of human duties, and its beauty and value lies in showing us how these common duties of life, cheerfully accepted, may be directed of God to the sanctification of character. It was as wife, mother, friend, as author, professing

Christian, and active benefactor, through great prosperity and great popularity, through reverse of fortune and straitened circumstances, surrounded for a time by gay and worldly friends, who did not sympathize with her in her new life "hid with Christ in God," that she so beautifully illustrated the Christian character and grew into the noble woman.

During these ten years she industriously continued her literary labors; she wrote as sedulously as ever each morning, and made all arrangements in business affairs as independently as before her marriage. Her income from her books and periodical contributions, amounting to twelve or fifteen hundred dollars per annum, remained in her own hands, subject to her own judgment. During the days of prosperity most of it was distributed in charities with the utmost judiciousness. And when reverses came, and "fortune descended to so low an ebb that there were no more than ten cents in the 'house-purse,'" she still kept the "poor purse," and would not even draw from that, but "waited with a sure expectancy that God would provide." In no portion of her life does she more appear the "true woman" than during these days of trial. Trial they can hardly be called, for she accepted them with such a spirit of submission, of gratitude to God, and of confidence in his wise providence, that they were really days of blessing. They were the means also of drawing forth some of her very best books. When almost heart-sick with disappointment and discouragement, she wrote "No Such Word as Fail." "After lying awake at night planning how to get money which was wanted for so many uses," she wrote "Contentment Better than Wealth." When hope deferred made her faint with weariness she wrote "Patient Waiting no Loss." As the illusions of worldly prosperity faded before her, and while offering thanks to God who had given and who had withdrawn his gifts, she wrote "All is not Gold that Glitters." Keeping house on a narrow income, and pondering sometimes how to prevent the lightening of her "home purse," she wrote "Out of Debt, Out of Danger."

But at length the end came. The work of discipline was accomplished, the silver was refined, the gold was purified, a lovely spirit was made meet for the Master's use in the better world. On Sunday morning, August 23, 1863, after all the suffering incident to a lingering consumption, she "fell asleep." A witness of her last hours thus describes the scene: "On Saturday, toward nightfall, the death angel made his presence felt in the shadowy

room. But he came gently, not with pain or terror. The anguish of that extreme hour was all for those who watched the failing breath and fading eyes, not for her in whom the awful change was taking place in such serene silence. No further agony of the wasted form and weary spirit was allowed, and hour after hour stole softly by, while the calmness of her rest was undisturbed by any passing pain. The murmured words that dropped from her lips half unconsciously, told only of love and happiness, and while the solemn shadow of that unseen mystery brooded above, the heavenly light of 'the peace that passeth all understanding' made her face, 'as it were, the face of an angel.' None of those who stood by that death-bed will ever forget its holy serenity, least of all the ineffable beauty of that supreme moment which marked

'The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.'

No words can picture the sudden rapture that illuminated the whole countenance, flashed out from eyes we had thought closed in slumber, gleamed across lips that seemed sealed from smiling forever more. It was as though the realization of what 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' was revealed in one unutterable vision. The tear-blinded eyes fixed upon hers might not behold what she beheld, but they saw its glory reflected for one brief moment, never to be forgotten till the veil of this mortality is withdrawn, and we also behold 'the King in his beauty.'

Mrs. Haven was yet in the prime of life, not having completed her thirty-sixth year. For more than half of her days she had been achieving her reputation as a pure and charming writer for the young, and had won for herself, also, a place among the poets of the land by not a few lofty and enduring lyrics. "Admirable and highly cherished as is her fame in the world of letters, this is, however, the least excellence of her now sacred memory. The crown of her character was her truly-unselfish and unsparing consecration to the highest good of others, not only of those who had natural claims upon her, but of all who came within the reach of her hand and influence. She spent and was spent for the promotion of pure religion and sweet practical virtue. In her the Church found a faithful adherent and auxiliary, and charity a blessed almoner. Her beautiful life-service is ended, apparently in the midst of its sweet and pure liturgy; but God and the angels have uttered its Amen."

A TALE OF THE VALLEY WAR.

BY REV. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, M. A.

O'ER Alleghany's purple peaks the Autumn sun hung low,
And in the east the Blue Ridge flamed in sunset's crimson glow;
Between them, down his royal vale, the Shenandoah poured,
And through that vale the live-long day the battle-storm had roared.

For still the rebel held his ground, though beaten oft and sore,
And battled for the mountain realm that nursed his sires of yore;
That mountain realm his northern gate, where Nature's rocky bars
Have longest foiled the southward march of Freedom's conquering stars.

The great highway from Winchester winds southward o'er a plain
Once gemmed with many a stately home, and bright with golden grain;
But slavery darkened all the land, and bred rebellion dire,
And that sweet vale, an Eden erst, grew black with blood and fire.

But still one ancient mansion towers, the proudest and the last,
Whose walls of rock have braved the shock of many a Wint'ry blast;
An hundred years its tale runs back to that immortal age
When young Columbia wrote in blood her first heroic page.

Around its gray and ivied walls the baffled savage yelled,
Or danced beneath its grand old trees that ruthless war has felled;
An hundred years the Bartons brave its ancient pride have kept,
And once beneath its storied roof his country's father slept.

But he who claimed that mansion then and bore the Marshall's name,
Whose grandsire's worth, the nation's judge, goes down to noblest fame,
He whose right hand should aid to guard the boon that grandsire gave,
A rebel traitor, fought to found an empire on the slave.

And on that day a stranger's form that wide veranda paced
With martial tread, and double stars his manly shoulders graced;
And clinging to his war-scarred hand a fair and high-born child,
With ten sweet Summers in her eyes, half trembled and half smiled.

'T was Shenandoah Sheridan, the terrible and true,
Who wore the Major-General's stars, and cloak of
martial blue;
His camp-fires smoldered on the lawn, his own head-
quarters there,
And that was proud John Marshall's child, his only
child and heir.

The soft south wind adown the vale breathed tenderly
and low,
And at their feet the Opequan made music in his flow;
But not that deep æolian rhythm nor rippling mur-
mur near,
Nor scarce that fair child's flute-like voice could catch
the warrior's ear;

For all that day the booming guns had told the strug-
gling fight,
And Powell on our left had won and scourged the
foeman's flight;
But gallant Custer on our right with toil his ground
maintained,
While on his ranks the grape and shell in howling
tempest rained.

In vain our best and bravest bled, outnumbered by
the foe,
Who fought as some supernal power had maddened
every blow,
For brave John Marshall led their hosts with valor
grand and wild,
And flew with all his heart and fire to clasp his wife
and child.

With charge on charge, like lightning hurled, he smote
our veteran van,
Till, spite his cause, we could but praise the soldier
and the man;
He forced us back, he trod once more the hills his
hood knew,
And fought through sulphurous battle-clouds his home
almost in view.

But still the warrior paced that porch, and caught
with anxious ear
The gathering, deepening sound of strife that told the
foe drew near;
And through his generous hero-heart a nameless
anguish ran,
For well he knew who led that charge as none but
brave men can.

He knew the husband, father, fought to gain his
home once more,
And he for freedom's sake must hurl that father from
his door,
From his own hearth, that cheered e'en foes, from all
things, in one breath—
Must sweep him and his whole mad band to rout,
despair, and death.

But in that hour stern duty called, for war knows not
to spare,
And at the gate his charger neighed with fierce and
fiery stare;
Then tenderly he stooped and kissed that sweet child
for her sire,
And sprang to horse, and from her sight shot like a
bolt of fire.

Ah, whirlwind woe o'ertakes the foe when Sheridan
is nigh,
For rout and death are in his breath, destruction in
his eye;
And down the line, in wrath divine, far gleamed his
meteor form,
As lightning plays in one bright blaze along the mid-
night storm.

Each wavering rank from flank to flank like rock one
instant stands,
Till all that host he holds and wields as thunder in his
hands;

Then, as great Jove, who sits above, with lightning
smites the world,
With one wild blow full on the foe that thunderbolt
he hurled.

As Autumn leaves on gusty eves fly whirling on the
gale,

As lamps before the brindled wolf flee trembling down
the vale,

So, mangled, crushed in gore and dust, back rolled
rebellious power,
And Shenandoah Sheridan was victor in an hour.

Ah, where was brave John Marshall then, who led the
rebel fight?

O, would to God he had been far, or that his cause
were right!

The conqueror's heart is dumb with grief, for woe's
the tale to tell,

How first before that fearful charge the proud John
Marshall fell.

O, fair, sweet child, with eyes so mild, still prattling
of thy sire!

O, fair young wife, whose sun and life in him, their
life, expire!

God pity you and comfort you, whose love no narrow-
ing knows,

But bids us pray and love alway, and bless both friends
and foes!

God pity, too, our own like you, whose light went out
that day,

And each and all whose loved ones fall in every mortal
fray;

God, whose great will all things fulfill, whose law we
all gainsay,

O, hear our prayer, let vengeance spare, nor right be
long delayed!

Ah, war, how sad a thing thou art, how terrible and
dire!

All woes and agonies combined, wrong, outrage, death,
and fire;

But O, how worse than fire and death all transient
=woe and wrong,

When man is bartered, woman sold, and law but serves
the strong!

O, thou dear Christ, for all who diedst, and prayest in
heaven for all,

When shall thy blood bring back to God all men from
Adam's fall?

O, haste, sweet day, that wipes away earth's last re-
pentant tear,

And lifts man's race, through God's dear grace, to
Love's eternal sphere!

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. F. MITCHELL.

NATURE and Revelation, the work and the word of the same great Author, can never be in conflict with each other. There is need often to recur to this thought when it is feared that new discoveries in the domain of nature may have a tendency to unsettle our faith in the Word of God. All history shows that this fear is utterly baseless; and that instead of sapping the foundations of revealed truth, the more complete our knowledge of nature, the stronger and more palpable is the evidence of the truth of the Bible. Perhaps this fear has been excited in a greater degree by the teachings of geology in regard to the antiquity of the earth, than by any other discovery of modern science, made within the period of time over which the memories of our oldest living men can run. And the question is often asked, even now, How can these teachings be true and the Mosaic account of the creation be believed? Many, on this account, refused for a long time to give credence to geology, and there are some who still doubt; but the number of doubters is growing less with each revolving year, and is now almost wholly confined to those who have never, for themselves, carefully traced the handwriting of the great Creator, as written upon his works.

Three things are worthy of special notice, and should always be remembered in considering the subject of this essay. 1. Geologists have not taken the great antiquity of the earth as a starting-point and then sought for facts in support of their theory. On the contrary, very many of them entered upon the study with previously-formed opinions in direct opposition to the views which facts have forced upon them. 2. On this point they have but one opinion. 3. Every new discovery in geology but strengthens the conviction that the conclusion to which they have arrived is correct, and tends to lift still higher the veil which has hidden from view the ages between the creation of the earth and the creation of man. One other point is of great importance. As nature and revelation must agree, whenever any interpretation of Scripture is opposed to well-established facts in nature, that interpretation must be false. If, like the orators of Salamanca in the time of Columbus, any assert the teaching of the Bible to be that the earth is not globular, but flat, we decide that this interpretation is false, without stopping to examine the passage where such a notion is supposed to be taught; or if, in opposition to

the views of Galileo and Newton, and of all astronomers and educated men of the present age, it is insisted that the Bible asserts the earth to be stationary, and the sun and stars to move around it every twenty-four hours, we need not hesitate in at once pronouncing such an interpretation erroneous. In like manner, if the deductions of geologists from facts gathered with great care are correct, the interpretation of the opening chapter of the Bible which has most extensively prevailed, must be given up as erroneous.

Taking these facts to be true, four prominent methods of reconciling them with the Mosaic account of the creation have been proposed, each of which has had many supporters; namely, 1. The Scripture account of the creation embraces a period of only six natural days, and the rocky strata, with the organisms diffused through them, are the results of the Noachian Deluge. 2. The time occupied in the creation was only six natural days, and the strata, with all their apparent organisms, were created just as we now find them. 3. The six days spoken of were natural days, but a long period elapsed between the creation "in the beginning," and the first day, during which time the earth was inhabited by various races of animals which passed from existence, leaving their remains entombed in the rocks, and after they had been swept away, the six days' creation spoken of in the Bible was consummated. 4. The days were not natural days, but extended periods of time. Almost identical with the last is the supposition of Professor Bush, that the last day in six successive periods of days is described in the Bible, as a representative day of the period to which it belongs. Let us examine these hypotheses and see which one is most worthy of credit.

And, first, could the Deluge in Noah's time have originated the stratified deposits, more or less abounding in organic remains which are found upon the earth's surface? To this a negative answer must be given, not only because the time was utterly insufficient for so vast results, the strata being many miles in thickness, but because the organisms of the lower strata differ widely from those of the upper, showing that the plants and animals of the one are of a very different age from those of the other. Besides, while the whole human race, with the exception of Noah and his family, was swept away, we find but very few human organisms, and they only in the highest strata. If you were to examine the records of some English court from the time of the Norman Conquest down to the reign of Queen Victoria, you could

not believe that they only covered the space of a single year, not only because the number of the volumes would preclude the idea, but because the use of the French language in the earlier volumes, and of English that could hardly be understood at the present day in those that succeed them, would prove them to be the work of ages entirely different. Just as plainly do the varied organisms in the earth's crust teach that they can not be the result of any cause acting through so short a period as did the Deluge of Noah.

We recur now to the second hypothesis and ask, Were the strata forming the crust of the earth, and which lock up in their bosom the remains of vegetable and animal life, created some six thousand years ago, just as we now find them? A brief reference to facts will best answer this question.

We find that during the historic period of the earth processes are going on which fully explain the formation of these rocks. Strata have been formed and are now in the process of formation, in which are entombed animal and vegetable organisms, some of which have almost entirely lost their organic composition and become petrifications, others are only partially changed to stone, while not unfrequently the harder parts are almost entirely unchanged. As to the formation of these there can be no doubt, for it has come under human observation, and every year adds new testimony to the truth. The strata which geologists call ancient exactly resemble these. The organisms found in them have every mark of having once lived as vegetables or as animals upon the earth. Time would fail to be very specific, but I will allude to one fact. What appear to be coprolites are found containing what exactly resemble the scales, the teeth, and the other indigestible parts of the food of the animal from which the coprolites have come. Nay, more; some of these coprolites are impressed by the screw-like marks of a spiral intestine, such as is exemplified by the sharks and rays of our own time. Hardly a stratified rock can be found which does not give to the careful observer examples as convincing as this, that it contains what once had life upon the earth. And when it is asked, "Could not God have created these things as we find them?" while the answer is, He certainly could have done it; another truth will present itself just as palpably to the mind, namely, that we nowhere find any thing in his works to make us believe that he has done it; nothing which is in the least analogous to it. God might have created the earth just as we find it now, with its in-

closed fields, its human habitations, its great thoroughfares; but wherever we find these we believe that man has been at work, and our belief accords with facts. When Robinson Crusoe saw the print of a man's foot upon the sea-shore of Juan Fernandez, it never occurred to him as a reasonable mode of accounting for its existence there that God could have made it; and he who studies the varied organisms as they exist in the rocks, will be just as far from thinking that they came into being where and as he finds them at the fiat of the Almighty.

The other two hypotheses agree in giving to the earth a very ancient origin, all the time which the theories of the geologist require; and it was thought, not many years ago, that either would account for all the facts which have passed under his examination. There is found, however, no evidence of a separation between the last six thousand years of the earth's history and that which preceded it. The same great types of animal life which now inhabit the earth were found upon it when the vast deposits of coal were made to subserve the interests and add to the comforts of man. The same is true of rocks lying far beneath the strata of coal, and which geologists suppose to have been deposited ages before that formation. And though particular species have passed from existence, as they are doing even now, the dodo being an example familiar to all, yet species of animals are found now existing whose remains appear in rocks which all geologists agree in supposing to have been deposited ages before man appeared upon the earth. In all rocks lying above those in which they made their first appearance their remains may still be found, exactly corresponding to the living animals as we behold them to-day. It is evident, then, if geology be true, that the creation of vegetable and animal existences was not begun and ended in a few natural days, and thus the supposition of a creation occupying only that time does not agree with the facts of geological science. It seems evident, then, that no hypothesis meets the demands of these facts, which regards the days of creation spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis, as natural days of twenty-four hours each. If they are regarded as extended periods of time every geological difficulty vanishes, and the only question is, Do the statements in the Bible admit of this construction without doing violence to language? And while all agree that the more obvious meaning of the passage, such as any one would attribute to it who had only the account itself upon which to depend, is that the days spoken of are literal days, such as are caused by the

revolution of the earth upon its axis, all admit that the word day may mean what the geologist claims that it must, from the facts that have come under his observation, and that it is sometimes used elsewhere in Scripture with this signification. If, then, it can be shown that the writer would naturally have used the word with this meaning in the sacred narrative, all difficulty vanishes at once, and this interpretation should be unhesitatingly received.

We agree that "all Scripture is given by inspiration" of God, but yet that inspiration was imparted in different ways. Some things therein recorded came under the observation of the writers, some were communicated to them by those who observed them, and some were handed down to them by history or tradition. In relation to these the Spirit so guided them in their writing as to preserve them from error, but probably he did not reveal any thing new. Other things, prophecies for example, could only be known as the matter itself was revealed. In this class comes the account of the creation, no part of which, from the nature of the case, could be known to Moses, except as the Spirit imparted the knowledge. How, then, was that knowledge imparted? Two ways are spoken of in the Bible, in which such revelations were communicated. Sometimes an angel or the angel of the Lord appeared to the sacred writer and made known in words what God would reveal, and sometimes the matter was darkly or clearly revealed in a dream or vision of the night. And when the vision was itself dark and hard to be understood, an angel was sometimes sent to explain it. We must suppose that the account of the creation was revealed to Moses in one of these ways. Is there any reason for supposing that one of them was used rather than the other?

The whole narrative favors the belief that the facts which he describes were made known to Moses in a dream or vision. It is clearly not a scientifically-accurate account of actual occurrences, but rather a description of optical appearances. The creation of light before that of the sun; the creation of the sun, moon, and stars not till the fourth day; the prominence given to the moon, one of the smallest bodies in the solar system, are all evident instances of this, as even those who take issue with the deductions of geology agree. We can scarcely suppose that this would have been the case had the account been given to Moses in language, while we should naturally expect it were the revelation made in a vision. If this supposition be correct, the first chapter of Genesis could hardly be different from what it is, though

age after age may have rolled in long succession between the time when God created the heavens and the earth, and the time when he made man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. The Mosaic vision of the creation has been so happily described by Hugh Miller in his "Testimony of the Rocks," that one less gifted may well shrink from attempting the same; yet it seems to me that any one may so set it forth as to show the reasonableness of what has been stated. Suppose, then, the vision to be passing before God's ancient servant. Before him is a formless void, over which broods the most intense darkness. As he gazes the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters, the voice of the Almighty is heard proclaiming, "Let there be light," and the darkness passes away. The earth, with its waste of waters, comes distinctly to his view, where God is to work out before him those changes by which it is to be prepared for the abode of man. No doubt he gazes upon it with intense interest, but even as he gazes it fades from his view. The scene is to be changed, and the record of what has been revealed closes with the assertion, "And the evening and the morning were the first day." Another view is at length presented before his mental vision. Order begins to spring from chaos. A firmament appears in the midst of the waters, separating the waters which are beneath from those which are above, and when the stupendous work was accomplished the curtain again falls, and darkness hides the view. Once more the earth appears with the firmament, but a change is going on upon its surface. The waters had held undisturbed possession, but now they are gathered together into one place and the dry land begins to appear. And, as he looks, at God's command the land is clothed in verdure, the earth brings forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit; and God pronounced it good. It is unnecessary to follow this train of thought further. Enough has been said to show how naturally the sacred writer would speak of days as he described the visions coming in succession before him, though in reality the changes thus revealed may have occupied almost countless ages in their actual occurrence.

This hypothesis seems to me to accord with the Bible and with geology, and, therefore, to be the true hypothesis in relation to the creation.

It is cause for doubting when we are indifferent in our behavior to our best Friend.

BEST ROOMS VERSUS HAPPY HOMES.

YOUNG Mrs. Carter, just four months a wife, was showing her mother's friend, old Mrs. Bell, over her new and well-furnished house. "Here," said she, throwing open the doors of a spacious cupboard, "is my set of new china; it cost forty dollars. Mr. Carter thinks it the prettiest thing we bought, and is always teasing me to have company, because, he says, his coffee tastes like nectar out of these *almost* transparent cups."

"Umph! I did n't think Henry was so fanciful," quietly replied Mrs. Bell. The old lady was very practical.

"Fanciful!" echoed the little wife, "you'd think he'd been raised a lord to hear his demands for what *he* calls comforts. Why, he wants the table laid every day with those fine white damask cloths I showed you, and the napkins and silver forks. He says, 'We have them, let's use them.' But I won't indulge him. The unbleached cloths will do well enough for common, and I want to keep the others always nice for company. How do you like the pattern of these goblets? Are n't they like crystal? I have a dozen of common tumblers for *our own use*, so I calculate these will not get scratched or broken for a long time."

"I like the situation of your dining-room, Lucy," said Mrs. Bell, having duly admired the abundant contents of both cupboard and linen-press. "I always love a cheerful room in which to eat. A neatly-furnished table in a room where there is plenty of light and bearing marks in it that a refined taste has been the presiding overseer, helps my digestion wonderfully. That eastern window is just to my fancy, and with the morning sun streaming over the table and lighting up those pretty pictures, your breakfast must be pleasant enough to put you in a good humor for all day."

"Well, so Mr. Carter says, and I agree with you both, but I have persuaded him to take his meals in the kitchen, as we are alone. You know I do n't keep a girl, there is so little to do. So I keep this room darkened. The sun fades the carpet so, and as any thing will do for *us*, I can keep things always fresh and bright in here for company. Will you peep into the kitchen? It is a narrow little place, to be sure, but still has some conveniences. This pantry, for instance, serves the double purpose of larder and dresser. Are not those odd-looking blue plates? Mr. Carter bought them at auction for a mere trifle, and told me I might give them away to some poor body;

but I keep them *for our own use*, because they save the white ones. Now you have seen all but the parlor; come, give me your opinion of it."

They soon entered an apartment in which elegance and a cultivated taste were visible at every glance. Thanks to Mr. Carter's liberality and love of the beautiful, nothing had been omitted in its furnishing which the wants of himself or wife could suggest as suitable. Mrs. Bell's eye peered above and beneath her spectacles with genuine satisfaction.

"This room, Lucy, caps the climax of your home comforts, and were it mine the right to spend all my leisure hours in it would be a strong incentive to hurry up the day's necessary work. I guess Harry thinks this a paradise when evening comes and he can stay with you."

Mrs. Carter's face, and it was a frank, girlish one, flushed as she answered: "We never sit here unless we have company. Our first quarrel—no, that is too harsh a word—our first disagreement was about this very place. Mr. Carter wanted me to use it like a common sitting-room, where he could lounge and, as he said, enjoy himself to his heart's content. As long as I was receiving my bridal calls it answered very well, but now we seldom have visitors at night, and I saw no use in lighting up that great chandelier and keeping a large fire burning just for us two. Mr. Carter rebelled at first, but I got my own way at last; so I sit up in our bed-chamber, and as he do n't get home of late much before ten o'clock, it does n't make any difference."

"I thought business hours closed at eight, Lucy?"

"I believe they do; but Mr. Carter is very social, you know, and has acquired the habit of dropping in to chat with some one or other down town, so I do n't see him till late."

"You are a very lenient wife, Lucy," said her old friend as she arose to take leave.

"O, I'll call him to account some day, be sure of that. So you can not stay and dine with me. Well, come up and sup with us to-morrow, will you? Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar are in town, and I'll have them here to meet you; you shall test what a good cook I have become."

Mrs. Bell readily promised compliance with a request made so heartily, and with such undoubted sincerity. So the two separated, Mrs. Bell to her hotel, and Mrs. Carter to the small kitchen in which her husband's dinner was to be prepared and eaten.

The reunion of old friends is, under most cir-

cumstances a positive delight in itself, yet the avenues to the heart are so numerous that a handsomely-spread table, delicious food, and pleasant surroundings are no mean channels through which an increase of enjoyment can be added, even on such occasions.

Mrs. Carter's supper was a complete success. From the comfortable dining-room, glowing with light and warmth, on through the table with its chastely-elegant equipage of snowy linen, and pure china, and unexceptionable fare, nothing was wanting to increase the comfort of her appreciative guests. There was the shadow of a cloud upon Mr. Carter's face, true, heaviest when his eyes rested upon his wife, but the proud little woman failed to perceive it, nor did the guests, except keen old Mrs. Bell, see in him other than a thoroughly-hospitable gentleman, at peace with himself and all mankind.

Then followed the long evening spent in the rarely-used parlor, where the gas, mellowed to a rosy twilight shade, diffused its softness over mirrors, carpet, pictures, all, and blended the cheery faces, social chat, and forms of beauty into a *tableau vivant* which each one's memory would treasure as a sunny association with home happiness.

Mr. Carter appeared in his element as the evening wore on. His heart seemed gradually to expand with full measure of content; the shadow was lost in the radiance of his satisfied face, and, but for a previous acquaintance with his character and disposition, Mrs. Bell would have thought her surmises incorrect and her penetration at fault.

"Eleven o'clock already!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar, as the town clock rang out its hourly record. "Bless me, how time flies when one is happy! I have been in a sort of enchantment ever since I came here. Mrs. Carter, please break the spell by showing me to my bonnet. Mrs. Bell, shall we not escort you to your hotel? it is on our way."

"No, thank you. I have promised Lucy to spend the night with her; but I can help you to find your wrappings, as something has taken her away, you see."

They ascended the staircase to the "spare-room," and while Mrs. Dunbar was robing herself, she kept up a lively comment upon Lucy's house.

"Is it not a perfect snuggerly? From top to bottom I see no defect, no useless finery, but neatness and comfort every-where. They live 'at home,' that's evident, and know how to make the most of life. Ah, Mrs. Carter, were you eaves-dropping?" as the little hostess sud-

denly entered; "well, you shall have the benefit of my closing remarks. I was just going to express the wish, that your home would ever be as bright as now, and your good husband and self as able to enjoy it."

A half hour later Lucy tapped lightly at the door of Mrs. Bell's bedroom.

"Have I disturbed you?" said she upon entering. "I only wanted to see if I could do any thing for you before I too retired."

"Nothing, dear," said Mrs. Bell with a winning smile, "but to give me your attention for a minute or so, and listen in kindness to a motherly lecture. Years ago when you were but an untamed school-girl I was cognizant of the struggle which the orphan, Henry Carter, had to obtain an education and at the same time earn his daily bread. I have watched his career with no ordinary interest from the time he first entered with the Logan firm as one of their errand boys till, through his steady industry and unflinching integrity, he was elevated to a junior partnership, and when I witnessed your marriage and heard him exult in the prospect of at last having a home, I prayed that you would make it such as the noble fellow deserved."

Lucy began to look very curious, for in her heart she believed herself to be one of the tidiest and most economical housekeepers the world ever saw, and her husband a singularly-fortunate man in possessing the benefit of her services.

Mrs. Bell proceeded: "Do you think he is happy, Lucy, and his home the sweetest spot of earth to him, as it should be?"

Lucy looked amazed at such a query.

"Why should n't he be, Mrs. Bell? He has every thing his heart can ask for."

"Do you believe, dear, that trifles make up the sum of daily happiness?"

"Yes, I know they do."

"Can not you understand, then, that a man whose tastes are alive to what is beautiful and fitting, and who provides himself with the opportunities to enjoy them, can get tired and disgusted at being asked three times a day into a close little kitchen to eat off of yellow table-cloths, cracked crockery, and green glass tumblers when but a step off is an airy room, pure china, and snowy linen, reserved for strangers, who care not one feather's weight for himself or wife beyond the momentary enjoyment of their hospitality?"

"Why, are we not commanded to be generous to strangers?"

"Certainly, dear, and self-sacrificing, too, when benevolence requires it; but we should

not act a *lie* for the mere sake of making an impression. You overheard Mrs. Dunbar's admiration of your comfortable home, and her belief that you knew how to use it. Your vanity was gratified. Had I then told her that, according to your own confession, you only permitted Harry and yourself to enjoy it on chance occasions, that you daily sacrificed his comfort the better to keep up appearances, and forced him to spend his evenings away from you because you made his house uninviting, how would you have felt?"

"Inexpressibly mortified," candidly replied Lucy, upon whose mind a dim perception of the mistake with which she was beginning her married life began to dawn.

"Then, dear child, begin the reform at once. Thirty-five years of married life have yielded me this experience: That no effort is too great to make home happy; that few men are invulnerable to wifely attentions, and none rendered less amiable and loving by being made to feel that his comfort and enjoyment is his wife's first earthly desire; that to beautify home and then freely use it is a duty we owe to that innate love of beauty which God has implanted in us; and that no housekeeper will feel the necessity of shutting up the best rooms and hoarding up 'company things' who regards her family as her dearest guests, nor to such will the sudden introduction of strangers ever come amiss."

THE WONDERS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS.

IN a recent article we gave a general view of the upper lakes, and we now propose to speak of some special points of interest on Lake Superior. The coast is emphatically rock-bound and forbidding; here and there we find an interval of low land around the mouth of some river or minor stream, but the general view is that of towering masses of wild and abrupt rocks interspersed with beetling crags and jutting promontories. These during a raging storm are of fearful import to the luckless sailor whom chance or fate leads near their edge. It seemed to us that an Atlantic trip has far less dangers to the voyager than the Lake with its threatening and inhospitable coast.

But we were favored with a calm sea and gentle breezes, and thus ventured a very near approach to points that under other circumstances would punish a too peering curios-

ity. Our first night on Lake Superior we lay down to rest with a promise from the captain of our stanch steamer that he would endeavor about daylight to show us some of the wonders if the weather would permit him to run in to shore without danger. Accordingly at early dawn we heard the welcome rap at the state-room doors, with the still more welcome announcement,

PICTURED ROCKS.

We then knew that the fates had favored us, and hurriedly dressing, hastened forth to join the group of the curious who preferred these far-famed rocky masses to the gentle wooings of Morpheus in those magic hours when sleep is dearest to those who enjoy its gentle lullings.

The rocks are abrupt bluffs of sandstone about five miles in extent; they rise vertically from the water without a beach, sometimes to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. They are an immense assemblage or rocky strata, bounding the coast for miles, with no refuge to the luckless mariner during the sudden storms that arise so unexpectedly in these regions. Against these abrupt shores the untiring surf has dashed for ages, and worn away the rock into strange and fanciful excavations, which seem as fantastic as if airy and fanciful sprites had been chiseling their fairy homes in these retreats.

But not only do they abound in beautiful forms—to these are added the gayest colors, at times in whimsical array, at others in harmonious bands of brilliant and varied hues. Therefore they are called the *Pictured Rocks*. This name has been theirs from time immemorial, by whom or when given it is not said. They were first known to the Indians of this region as the home of their spirits, and endless stories and legends are said to have been gathered concerning them by the French Jesuits who first explored these coasts. This is the general view on approaching them, but as the steamer's bow draws near we perceive various formations that have received special names from fancied resemblances to certain objects. The names thus bestowed upon them are French in their nature, from the fact that all the earliest explorers of these regions were the French Jesuits.

The morning was calm and the rising sun half obscured by intervening clouds. The steamer approached so near the rocks and the overhanging cliffs that she seemed calmly lying in a place of safety instead of one of so much ordinary danger. The passengers crowded on

the forward deck to view the strange beauties of the scene, and were first introduced to

THE GRAND PORTAL.

This is an immense entrance or door-way, resembling a portal to some grand, rocky cathedral. It is the termination of a great cliff that projects into the water, and has thus been subjected to its action. The buffeting waves of thousands of years have worn into its body a great cave, having a striking resemblance to the name it bears. It rises about two hundred feet above the surface of the water, which enters its base and forms a beautiful transparent floor from ten to fifteen feet in depth. On either side are two smaller entrances or arches, through which small boats may pass with ease and more closely explore the wonders of this giant cavern. As we stood silently on the steamer's prow, gazing at the beauties before us, the sea-gulls came hovering over and past us and then into the cavern, as if curious to know why we were so near their rock-bound home. The reason why the water has acted so powerfully on this rock will be understood when we are told that it projects into the lake about six hundred feet, and presents a front of nearly three hundred. Its exposure to the beating waves and its sandstone formation explain to us the story of its strange and fanciful structure. At first view we can hardly realize its extent, but as we gaze into its great arch and endeavor with the eye to measure its vaulted passages we gradually acquire an idea of its immensity. And then in the early morning the effect of the sunlight penetrating its recesses is peculiarly grand and beautiful as the rays play among its arches and over its emerald depths. The swelling waters as they enter its portals also keep up a succession of musical reverberations, and one's own voice is returned with a strange and unearthly echo as if from the bowels of the deep. As the eye wanders to the left of the Grand Portal, we discover in the distance a break in the cliff and a gentle descent to a sort of sandy declivity, over which flows a cataract, by the side of which is

THE CHAPEL.

This excavation is among the most singular along the coast, from the fact that it is not at the water's edge, but some thirty or forty feet above its surface. It is thus a very prominent object in the distance, and seems to have been formed from the combined action of cataract and lake. As you look into the interior you perceive an arched apartment with a roof resting on four massive pillars irregularly placed,

forming a chapel about forty feet in diameter and height. These columns consist of rocks in apparent layers, and fashioned by the surging waters into strange forms. The base of the chapel is broad, and the projecting layers form a series of steps from the water's edge to the entrance above, where one enters the rotunda by a sort of niche. It is easy to imagine the whole structure one of nature's pulpits, whence she preaches to man in these uninhabited wilds. Taking a front view of it we have the arched canopy without and the vaulted interior within. On the floor is a pile of stone resembling a desk, and beside it is a rude altar, so that we are tempted, indeed, to ask whether man or nature has been the architect of this chapel of the lake. Another great curiosity is

THE AMPHITHEATER.

This is a great semi-circular cavity scooped into the rocks gradually rising and receding from base to summit, and having a series of seats placed one above and behind the other, formed from the ledges of the layers of the rocks. It would seem admirably adapted for a great mass meeting of nature's freemen. At its base and in its vicinity are great blocks of scattered rocks and huge fragments of precipice that have been dislodged by the eternal surging of the waters and piled up in immense masses. The secret of many of the grotesque forms is the sandstone character of the rock and its strata formation, the former rendering it impressible and the latter making it fragmentary and easily detached. Added to this it will be remembered that these cliffs do not form a regular wall, but are interspersed with bold projecting angles and salient masses. These are necessarily more exposed to the action of the water, and either hollowed out into various shapes or undermined and thrown down into confused and grotesque masses. Perhaps the most interesting isolated mass is

SAIL ROCK.

This is formed from a number of detached blocks, forming a pile about forty feet in height. These when viewed in a proper light, and from such a position as to give a fitting back-ground, so strikingly resembles a sloop under full sail that we clap our hands in delight at the delusion. A little change in position and the phantom ship disappears, and we discover

MONUMENT ROCK,

a huge pile nearly one hundred feet in height, standing out in bold relief, forming an upright

column of rocks piled one upon another, gradually decreasing in size. Their shapes are fitful and irregular, but they form a fitting monument of the Titanic labors of nature that thus placed them, if, indeed, these crazy freaks are not the result of Titan sports. The beauty of these scenes is occasionally enhanced by a foaming cascade, a dashing torrent, or a leaping mass of angry water, seeking the lake through tortuous windings or bold declivities. But seen as a whole the prominent attraction is that which gives the name of "*Pictured Rocks*." One seldom has so fair an opportunity of beholding nature as an artist. Certain portions of these rocks, especially where they form an even wall, present the most strange and bizarre combination of colors. The background is a light sand color of creamy hue, and this is interspersed with all the tints of the rainbow, sometimes in vertical and again in horizontal lines. The colors are vivid and fresh and harmonize with admirable regularity. They most frequently appear in parallel vertical waves, reaching from the summit to the base. Here they intermingle with the green foliage and are lost in the pure emerald waters of the lake. These colors are evidently metallic oxyds, mainly of copper and iron, which metals abound in this region, and the hues are such as would arise from these combinations. The surface water, strongly impregnated, trickles through the layers of sandstone, and running down the sides leaves a metallic precipitate which the corrosive action of the air turns into charming colors. These vary in beauty and intensity according to seasons and periods, and especially need certain positions and light to show them to their full advantage. The rising or the setting sun gives them a peculiar charm, and as our steamer moved slowly away to the great regret of those who would gladly have lingered among these scenes, our continually-changing stand-point from the deck of our vessel made the departure seem like the song of the dying swan—sweetest at the last.

But we have lingered so long among the beautiful that we have nearly forgotten the practical in the shape of

THE COPPER MINES.

There is copper enough in Lake Superior to supply the world for many a long year. So numerous are the mines that we hardly know where to begin or where to stop. An immense promontory, twenty miles wide and about sixty long, jutting out into the lake, seems to be one mass of copper, and is the main locality

of the mines; along its sides are situated the outlets of the mines, which may be a town or a mere landing. Of these the principal one on the south side of the promontory is Houghton on Portage Lake, a little inland from Lake Superior, and connected with it by a navigable stream. This is a most flourishing town, of recent origin, and depending mainly on the large copper mines in its vicinity for its life and energy. On either side of the town rise hills to the height of three or four hundred feet, whose summits are crowned with the entrances to the mines. Of these the principal ones are the Quincy, Hancock, Penabic, and Franklin on the north side. As we approach the mines every structure in the vicinity is made subservient to them, either as homes for the miners or accommodations for the machinery employed in raising and working or transporting the ore. All around is copper, copper, copper. Every-where beautiful and choice specimens of the ore are offered for sale at the highest price that can be obtained, the ignorance of the buyer and the cupidity of the seller being the standard of value.

It is a very natural desire before approaching the mines to descend into their interior, but on standing at their mouth and gazing down the shaft into a bottomless pit of darkness one shrinks from the endless desert, especially with the experience of the past among the coal mines; and thus we are satisfied at gazing at the wonders brought from the bowels of the earth without penetrating into the arena.

It is astounding to gaze at the amazing mass of copper every-where heaped up, and most interesting to watch the process of preparing it for transportation. Inclined planes extend from the summit to the base of these hills, and by these means the ore is easily sent to the works below. In these it is either crushed by machinery of immense force and washed and barreled, or it is smelted and cast into bars. These smelting works, especially at night, are veritable regions of Pluto. Fire appears to be the predominating element, and earth, air, and water merely subordinates. Showers of sparks, streams of molten metal, and green and blue blazes fill fore and background to the dismay of curious visitors. The barrels and bars are given to the steamers, and during the season of navigation form an important part of their home freight.

Resuming our journey and passing around the great Keweenaw promontory, we pass several mining stations of less note and arrive at Ontonagon. This town is situated at the

mouth of a wide and deep river, and is the outlet for the celebrated Minnesota, National, and Rockland mines, which are found about fifteen miles in the interior. Here pure native copper is often found in such masses that it is difficult to separate it for transportation. The first things that meet the eye on landing are immense blocks of copper that weigh thousands on thousands of pounds and are worth thousands of dollars. We hurry up to them, expecting to obtain specimens in profusion, but such stubborn stuff is this native copper that it can safely lie around unguarded. Hammers, chisels, stones, and even crowbars are of no avail. After laughing awhile at love's labor lost, the inhabitants will inform you that fine specimens may be obtained at the store at prices that unblushingly run up to twenty-five dollars. Indeed, we were offered a fine specimen of spray silver at fifty dollars. The dearthness of specimens at the mines is proverbial; they are all secured by the workman, and the tourist will sometimes pay a high price for a specimen on the ground that he would scarcely buy a hundred miles away. The agates and green stones of the lake shore are also found here, and many of them are of rare beauty after passing through the hands of the lapidary.

Lake Superior is not only rich in copper but is also famous for its

IRON MINES.

Marquette is the head-quarters of this interest. It is handsomely situated on a bluff in a crescent-shaped harbor, and on approaching nothing is seen or heard but iron. It is piled around in immense profusion, and vessels at every wharf are receiving their loads from cars that shoot their burden directly into the hold of the craft lying below. The mines lie about fifteen miles in the interior, and are reached by a railroad. We thought it worth our while to make the trip, but demur to calling the locality iron mines. These are simply great iron mountains; men stand on the open surface of the earth and quarry out iron with pick and crowbar as if it were common stone, and needed no more skill than the ordinary laborer. The mind is lost in astonishment at this metallic wealth, and intuitively predicts great prosperity to Marquette.

Before we leave the subject a word is perhaps due to

THE MINERS.

There is great complaint among the officers of the mines about the dearth of skillful men. Very few of them are Americans, and but a

small proportion are professional miners. These latter are mainly Englishmen from the Cornwall mines, but they seem to come as adventurers intent on making their fortune in a short time and then returning. They are reckless and untamed, and give the mining masters serious trouble of themselves, and by the spirit which they instill into other workmen. The inevitable German is also there, patient and industrious as ever, and some of the most skillful practical miners are from the celebrated mines of Germany. The Emerald Isle sends a fair quota, and these can use the pick all day and the shillalah all night. But the great trouble with them all, and indeed with all the inhabitants of the lake shore, is the feeling that it is not their permanent home, that they are adventurers. This is gradually wearing away as the country becomes settled and wealth accumulates. The more influential inhabitants are beginning to beautify their homes and make to themselves permanent resting-places, and the day is not far distant when Lake Superior will be and feel itself a part of the civilized world and the head and front of the great Republic.

ABOUT BOYS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"SHE's a splendid housekeeper, Bob, that's so. She lets me crack butternuts right on the hearth by the fire, and whittle on the carpet where the chips do n't half show. Aint that jolly, Bob? Now just own up for once."

With an amused smile at this original view of a splendid housekeeper, I raised my eyes from my sewing and took a good look of the speaker. There he sat, pantaloons too short for his ankles, sleeves too short for his wrists, an old cap on one side of his head scarce shading a full, broad brow, freckled a little and sun-burnt a great deal, clear blue eyes brimming with fun and mischief, full round mouth dimpled and puckered ready for a whistle at any unfortunate moment, feet drumming the floor, and restless fingers thrust in and wrestling and widening a diminutive knee-hole, that is such a weary sight to overtasked mothers. Boy all over, born so, why had he not the right to see as a boy sees, and judge as one? I had known him from a baby, and his home. A motherless child, with a father wholly absorbed in business, left to the care of careless and often ignorant help, with whom he seemed always to be in the way, O, how I had pined

him! and that sentence seemed to take me deeper into his soul than I had ever entered. "Splendid housekeeper!" just because he could have the privilege of being let alone. He did not ask to be petted, or loved, or better dressed, or fed, only to act out some of his boy-nature in peace, and for this he was ready to give the highest praise his tongue could speak.

But there are many other boys besides this poor motherless one who are to be pitied—boys who have homes and parents, love and all outward comforts of life, and yet who are crossed, and fretted, and soured, just because their nature is not understood. Their little sisters, with their smooth curls and plump shoulders thrust above their dresses are caught up, and kissed, and loved, and petted by every one. Their artless, graceful ways, their talk about their dishes, and their dolls, and dolly's clothes seem so fit and appropriate to all the surroundings of home that no one is jarred or disturbed. But muddy boots fresh from the brookside, pants torn and frayed by the briars and thistles that always grow by boys' paths, soiled hands that have patiently labored at damming up the hill-side stream till *tired* does not begin to express the feeling, thoughts full of water-wheels and fish-lines, and words full of the rough and tumble and breeze and bustle of outdoor life, all so foreign and unsuitable to the clean carpet and bright chairs, O, how few the patient mothers that can keep back the frowning look and fretful word and enter with no counterfeit interest into the absorbing plans, and little pleasures, and disappointments, and heartaches, and heartglads of the being that God has given to their homes! How few with a heart full of love and a firm, just discrimination, try to pluck out the weeds and strengthen plants in his mind, quieting and soothing, believing and trusting in him, accepting gratefully all the outgushing love of his boy-nature, binding him to her with a silken thread so frail that it seems as if a breath could sever it, yet really so strong that even the jar and tumult of manhood can not fray it, years of time can not wear it away, and so potent an influence that even the slightest tremor from a grieved look on her face will bring him to her side ready to do her will.

A few days since I heard a boy exclaim as he rather impatiently threw aside the book he was reading, "I do not see why they can not write Sunday school books for boys. Most all of them are for girls about little girls." I tried to recall the titles and contents of the last half dozen that I had looked over, and I must

confess I believe he was more than half right; and why it should be so, of course, was the next question. Is it so much easier and pleasanter to picture a quiet, demure girl to whom a ramble in the woods or a chase after a butterfly even before school hours is a burden, who can fold her hands through the longest prayer without the least desire to move and disturb the devotions of any near her, who quietly acquiesces in the ways and wishes of those that surround her, because it would be a trouble and trial to set up her own, whose happiness is made complete by an errand to carry food to the sick or to sit by them and read out of her little Bible, than to picture the boy as he is?

Full of life, on the contrary, and full of love, erring, repenting, secretive, and confiding, full of uncouth plans and strange deeds, so mixed up that only the nicest discrimination can tell whether the good or bad predominates in the motive, and where to condemn and where to praise, noble and then selfish, so vexing and trying oftentimes that only faith in God's promises, and the deep founts of parental love, can uphold the heart to wait for the good seed sown in his soul, all so difficult to write, yet what almost every boy needs to read to cheer him on and keep him from breaking forth, as a boy of my acquaintance did, in the saddest tones of despondency, "Mother, it is no use for me to try to be good; I fail and do wrong so often."

Such being the sad experience for old Christians, what must it be to the tender heart of the child, who can neither alleviate his grief by remembrances of the past or experiences of the future, but lives for the present moment in concentrated joy or sorrow. Perhaps some of us can remember the first death from among loved relatives, the black pall that seemed to fall over the bright earth, the despair and folding of the hands, and the quick start in the night from sleep, and the vacancy that seemed even palpable to the touch in the darkness and gloom of the room. Other friends have passed away since then, and have been mourned for with bitter tears, but the utter wretchedness of the newness of sorrow then first experienced was absent.

O, that we that have to do with the young could always remember that each page of life is new to them, and as we felt in sorrow, and trouble, and disappointment so they feel, and give them sympathy and all the comforts and aids of our wide experience, never turning carelessly away because it is only a child's much less because it is a boy's sorrow.

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. J. F. HURST.

THERE is no need of saying that the French Reformers were true to their cause. It is well known that they fought bravely in war and prayed earnestly in peace. Yet they were finally conquered. But the triumph of Romanism over Protestantism in that beautiful land was effected by just such foul measures as we have seen exemplified in the murder of Coligny. However, the oppressors have long ago been assigned their proper place in the world's history. There are now but few even within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church who are presumptuous enough to vindicate their dark deeds.

We are now about to survey a royal measure which in cruelty and passion justifies it to a place beside that scheme which inaugurated the murder of St. Bartholomew. We mean the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On April 13, 1598, Henry IV issued a religious ordinance at Nantes which terminated the long and bloody civil war. Though it did not grant full liberty to the Protestants, it was, nevertheless, the first public acknowledgment of freedom of conscience which a French king had made. It was, therefore, a triumph of the Protestant principle over the arrogant claims of the Church of Rome. The king gave the Reformers the privilege of private worship, secured them the possession of their children, made them eligible to all offices, and placed them beside the Catholics in the use of hospitals and all benevolent institutions. But the Catholics despised the Protestants, and could not content themselves to share any business with them. So violent was the antagonism that in the reign of Louis XIII war sprang up between the two parties. After 1626 Cardinal Richelieu summoned all his power to restore peace and order. By the Edict of Nismes, July, 1629, the Cardinal deprived the Protestants of all their earlier political rights, but he still conceded to them their ecclesiastical privileges.

There was now a period of comparative peace. Many of the Protestant nobility went over to Romanism. But the common citizens and peasantry remained true to their faith, and so applied themselves to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, that in due time they attained much wealth. Thus they soon excited the envy of their enemies. The Romish clergy complained of their growing influence. Mazarin yielded to the pressure which

was brought to bear upon him, and instituted new measures to limit the rights of the Protestants. Louis XIV, who became king in 1661, was not naturally a cruel man, but he had been trained to hate the Huguenots, and he was excessively fond of authority. He, therefore, was not slow in binding the heretics with new chains. Though the Edict of Nantes was still legally recognized, he acceded to the demands of the Jesuits in depriving it of all force. In many of the French provinces the edict was virtually abrogated by priestly management. The Reformers were permitted to bury their dead only early in the morning or late in the evening. Those who had recanted their Protestant principles and returned to them afterward were excluded from all rights and banished from the country. The priests, attended by a civil magistrate, were empowered with authority to visit sick Protestants and inquire of them if they were not willing to renounce their faith. If the dying person spoke a word or made a gesture it was interpreted as favorable to Catholicism, and he was received into its fold. By a decree of 1665 the children of Protestant parents—boys of fourteen and girls of twelve years of age—were permitted to embrace Papacy, whether with or without the consent of their parents. No more Protestants, except Colbert, the Minister of Finance, were permitted to hold any public office. The bishops impelled the king to impose new restrictions upon his Huguenot subjects. They flattered him beyond measure, and then urged him to "complete the great work which he had begun." By and by he was completely in the hands of the clergy, and gave himself without reserve to the overthrow of Protestantism throughout his dominions.

Against all this persecution the Huguenots offered no violence. Sooner than resist the royal authority they preferred to leave the country. The number of voluntary exiles increased so alarmingly that a prohibition against emigration was issued in 1669. It was in this year that Marshal Turenne embraced Catholicism. Many other noblemen had done the same thing in order to enjoy royal favor. The king professed to be troubled with conscientious misgivings concerning his previous laxity toward the heretics. He immediately established a method for their conversion by placing money in the hands of the bishops for bribing the Protestants to give up their religion. A treasury for this purpose was established. Five or six livres were paid to every one who would forswear his faith. Some very poor persons accepted the bribe. Pelisson showed

the king lists of hundreds of converts who had thus been bought, and he represented to his royal master that the end of heresy was near at hand. It was a by-word at the court that "golden eloquence was far more instructive and powerful than that of Bossuet."

After the peace of Nimwegen the pride of Louis knew no bounds. As he was the ruler of one people, he aimed to have that people concentrated in one religion. At this time Madame de Maintenon was exerting a great influence upon him. As she belonged to the family of the brave Agrippa d'Aubigné, it was hoped she would use her magic power in favor of Protestantism. But this was an idle hope. She threw it all in the opposite direction. The Protestant powers of Europe protested against the king's violation of the Edict of Nantes, whereupon he repeated his profession of adherence to it, and declared that it should henceforth be respected. But he continued to exclude Protestants from office, and prohibited the distribution and publication of all reformatory writings. The lines between the two parties were very closely drawn. No Protestant servants were admitted into Catholic families, and the Huguenots would have no Catholics in their employment. All illegitimate children were legally claimed as members of the Romish Church. All converts to Catholicism were absolved from debts contracted within the space of three years.

But the Huguenots increased in spite of all these persecutions. No measures, however violent, had thus far been found sufficient to sever their attachment to their cause. The Minister of War, Louvois, declared his conviction that the matter must be dealt with in a military style. The king favored his view, and addressed himself to extreme means to advance his nefarious designs. Dragonnades, or "booted missions," as the people called them, were established in the province of Poitiers. Troops were sent into every town and village where Protestants resided. Upon the heretics was placed the burden of quartering them. Louvois wrote to Marillac, the Mayor of Poictou, these words: "The king has heard with great joy of the many converts which are found in Poitiers. He wishes you to do all you can for their increase. You must quarter the most of the cavalry and officers with Protestants. If you find a man who can easily take ten of them put twenty on his premises." The order was carried out to the letter, and the troops had full liberty to pillage and destroy to their hearts' content. The soldiers became barbarians in their excesses. Every Protestant

home was made the scene of savage destruction. It was supposed at court that such work would soon uproot all heresy in that section of the country. Madame de Maintenon, gratified at the apparent success of the mission work of the dragoons, wrote to her brother, "I believe that every body in Poictou has been converted. It will soon become laughable for any one to say that he is a Huguenot."

In this great extremity the Protestants used every exertion to flee from the country. In spite of the severe edicts which had been published against emigration, they managed to find their way in large numbers to Switzerland, England, Holland, Brandenburg, and Denmark, where they met with a cordial reception. Those who remained at home appealed to the clemency of their king. But in vain. Their plea was answered by new persecutions. Those who proved inveterate Protestants were either hung or sent to the galleys in slavery. The king's Counselor, Father La Caise, the cold, crafty Chancellor Letellier, and Madame de Maintenon implored him to take one more step—the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In August, 1684, Madame de Maintenon wrote, "The king will do all in his power for the service of our religion. If he will only undertake this last measure he will crown himself with glory before God and man." In May of the following year the customary convocation of the French clergy took place. They congratulated the king on his great success in conquering Protestantism, and assured him that but few of its adherents were now left in the country. What further use is the Edict of Nantes? they asked. The moment has come to revoke it. Louis XIV yielded, and in the Castle of Fontainebleau, on October 18, 1685, he signed its revocation.

The new edict commenced with a falsehood. "With gratitude to God we find that our labors have accomplished their purpose, for the greater portion of our subjects who had adopted the Reformed religion have now become Catholics. Therefore the Edict of Nantes is now superfluous." Then follow the conditions of the new order. Protestant service is forbidden throughout the kingdom. Huguenot preachers must leave the country within fifteen days, and if they exercise their pastoral functions any more they shall be sent to the galleys. If they will become Catholics they shall receive not only their former salary, but the addition of another third. All parents must have their children baptized and trained in the Catholic faith on penalty of five hundred livres for each offense. Emigrants must return within four

months or their property will be confiscated. All further emigration on the part of private citizens must cease, the penalty for male offenders being banishment to the galleys, and for women a life-long imprisonment. The Minister of War wrote the following note to the edict and sent it to all the provinces: "The king will visit the severest penalties on all those who will not embrace his religion."

The desperate step was now taken. It gave intense satisfaction to all who were in the interest of Catholicism. Courtiers and court-theologians were delighted beyond measure. When Chancellor Letellier saw the great State-seal stamped on the edict he exclaimed that, like Simeon, he was now ready to depart. Madame de Sevigné wrote to her daughter: "You have seen the edict by which the king has revoked that of Nantes. Nothing can be grander! No ruler has ever done a greater deed; none can ever do a more glorious one!" Bossuet compared Louis XIV to Constantine, Theodosius, and Charlemagne, and cried out, "God alone has performed this miracle. King of heaven, protect him of earth! This is the prayer of the Church and of the bishops." Flechier and even Masillon indulged in similar expressions of gladness. Medals were struck off in commemoration of the conquest of heresy. No where was the jubilee more excessive than in Rome, as had also been the case over the murder of St. Bartholomew. Innocent XI had a *Te Deum* sung, and sent his congratulations to the king, assuring him of the gratitude of the whole Church.

The edict was enforced with violence. Though the Protestant preachers were allowed fifteen days in which to flee the country, the learned and much-feared Claude was permitted only twenty-four hours in which to take his departure. The brave Admiral Duquesne, the founder of the French Marine, who was at that time eighty years old, was summoned into the king's presence and pressed to renounce his Protestant principles. The aged man answered, "For sixty years I have given to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, now let me give to God the things which are God's." He was permitted to remain in France, but his sons were banished. The Huguenots resorted to emigration by stealth, and in the space of three years fifty thousand families escaped from the kingdom. Some betook themselves to mountain fastnesses. Meanwhile the work of persecution went on. Protestant churches were destroyed, Bibles were burned, and wild dragoons plundered far and wide throughout the provinces. In June, 1686, six hundred Huguenots were in the galleys at

Marseilles, and soon after as large a number were in similar servitude at Toulon. Multitudes of women were shut up in dungeons. The only crime of all these offenders was their adherence to the Reformation. By and by the oppressed people flew once more to arms. The Camisardian war broke out, and with its initiation there commenced a new period in the tragic history of French Protestantism.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought neither honor nor advantage to the glory of France. Those against whom it was directed had been peaceful citizens, now they were soldiers against their persecuting king. Louis XIV expected by that violent measure to aid Catholicism. But his design was a failure. Infidelity and immorality rapidly increased within its fold. Bayle wrote from Holland these prophetic words to the French clergy: "Do not deceive yourselves. Your triumph is not one of true religion, but of deism. God will visit your Church with severe retribution." The condition of French morals in the eighteenth century was a living proof of the truth of this sentiment. The material as well as the spiritual prosperity of the country rapidly declined. The Huguenots transferred their culture, their learning, and their arts to foreign countries, and for many long years—till Protestantism had once more, at least, a partial recognition—the star of France sank in disgraceful obscurity.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

Keep the heart young when the Spring flowers are blowing,

When Summer is breathing its sweets on the gale,
When Autumn's sear leaf on the river is flowing
Or Winter's wild dirge sweeps o'er mountain and vale.

Keep the heart young, though thy youth is departing,
New fountains of joy in life's desert will spring,
The brightness of hope to thy path-way imparting,
While sweet o'er thy spirit their melodies ring.

Keep the heart young, though thy brow is engraven
With lines which the impress of age shall disclose;
Beyond the dark river O seek the blest haven,
Where youth is immortal and long the repose.

Keep the heart young, let no vision of sorrow
Nor shadow of death quench the light of the soul:
Though veiled is the sunlight 't will break on the morrow,

And far in the distance the dark clouds will roll.

Keep the heart young for the glories of heaven,
The land of immortals beyond the pale urn;
When the fetters of earth from thy spirit are riven
Thou shalt pass its bright portals no more to return

CHRIST AS A REFORMER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY J. P. LACROIX.

EVEN as in the past, every assault on Christianity has resulted in strengthening and spreading it, so also the recent rationalistic criticism of England and France is likely to result, on the whole, not in shaking but in confirming the confidence of mankind in the truth of the Bible and in the divinity of Christ. It has turned the minds of all sections of the general Church to a careful examination of the grounds of their faith. The Greek and the Latin has vied with the Protestant Christian in warding off the disguised and open assaults of the common enemy. Each of these great branches of the Church has produced able defenders. Among the finest of these must undoubtedly be placed a series of lectures delivered in 1864 in the Church of Notre Dame de Paris by Father Felix, who bears the reputation of being the "most eloquent pulpit orator of France."

Having spoken of the anti-scientific method and the antichristian consequences of the new criticism in the first two lectures, he comes in the third to speak, positively, of some of the superhuman characteristics of Jesus. His delineation of Christ as reformer is so true and beautiful that I can not forbear translating it. Whoever wishes, says Father Felix, to found any thing on solid ground must have, first, his plan, his conception, his *idea*. Creation is a realization of God's idea through his power; every creation of man is a realization of his idea by his capability; it is his conception manifested in his work. It is, therefore, by his ideal that the architect must be judged. Now, on the very surface of the reformatory conception of Jesus Christ he reveals himself as a divine architect; he had an idea which mere man not only never did have, but which he never could have had. In the first place, that in which the idea of Christ as reformer surpasses all human conception and bears the seal of the divine is its truly superhuman grandeur. The idea of Christ was not to found an institution or society similar to any the world has thus far seen. Celebrated legislators anterior to him had left vestiges of their thought and traces of their genius in monuments which lacked neither name nor glory. Christ was neither the imitator nor continuator of these great men. His conception is not only without precedent in history, but it has no roots in the human mind; it attains at once a sphere

loftier than that in which human thought naturally moves. And why is this? Why is the conception of Christ marked from the start with this sign of the divine? Because the idea of Christ as reformer is to found, in the strict sense of that word, the kingdom, or, if you prefer, the republic of *souls*—a kingdom unknown upon earth, having for natural limits the frontiers of the conscience; a republic unprecedented, in which the whole government is organized in the mind for the mind, and in which the powers which ordinarily found or constitute human societies shall have absolutely no place whatever. In one word, the *republic of consciences* and the *kingdom of souls*; such is the idea of Christ—an idea so far out of the scope of human thought that it could not have proceeded therefrom. Ah! I can conceive that Jesus Christ, being merely a man, might have dreamed of reforming the political societies and social institutions which then ruled the world, especially if one has the good sense not to make of him, as the new criticism has done, a man *ignorant* in the first degree. But that Christ, in the face of history and of his age, being a mere man could have thought seriously of founding a kingdom resting exclusively on the spiritual, the invisible, and the supernatural, is what the slightest knowledge of humanity will permit no one to suppose, and what reason absolutely rejects.

And what should show you yet more in this idea of a world of souls—a superhuman grandeur—is the character of universality which Christ meditates giving to his creation. He wishes to make this republic of souls strictly universal, and gives to it, that it may extend and expand itself, these three universalities: all space, all time, all nations—"Go, teach *all* nations, and behold, I am with you even to the *end of the world*." This single declaration of the will of Christ reveals to you the immensity of his conception and the divine magnificence of his idea. Translate yourselves to the solemn moment when this word, falling from the lips of Jesus, revealed his idea; contrast the twelve apostles, such as they then were, with this gigantic idea, and you will confess, in the brightness of an invincible proof, this idea springs either from a divine intelligence or from the brain of a madman; it is the sign of a revelation of God, or the attestation of the delirium of man; it is the wisdom of God meditating the creation of an unknown world, or the folly of a dreamy, unheard-of extravagance.

However, there is in this conception of Christ as reformer something perhaps yet more

remarkable than its sublimity; namely, its rigorous *peculiarity*, its divine originality. The ambition of every man who aims to create any thing is to grasp the glory of having an idea of his own, springing entirely and exclusively from himself. One feels that intellectual greatness lies, above all, in the ownership of the idea and in the originality of the conception. Hence the claim of founders and reformers to something that is peculiar and personal. But mark, it is ordinarily a mere claim. Some men are certainly more original than others. Their genius towers above the servile crowd of imitators, and reveals to our astonished gaze a hitherto unknown phase of that ever-ancient and ever-new beauty which is the beauty of the Infinite himself. But this originality is, in fact, only a superior imitation. The glory of complete originality has never reposed on the brow of man, not even on the brow of genius. And in a very true sense no man ever bore in his intellect ideas absolutely his own. Perhaps you esteem yourself original in the true sense of the word; you say, striking your large forehead, I have my idea. But what you call your idea existed germinally in the past and livingly in the present; you inhaled it unconsciously as an atom floating in the atmosphere. The warmth of your soul fructified it silently in the profound depths of your being, and some day you felt that intimate trembling which precedes the births of the mind; you saw it unfold itself in an enchanting creation, and you admired it as the product of your personality and the glorious child of your genius. You were mistaken, it was chiefly a product of the past, chiefly a child of the age. Such is the real originality of man; it consists less in having new ideas than in giving to them somewhat of his own life. An idea floats abroad in society, it is in the air; it passes into the respiration of the age; it is the common domain of minds. Some day a vigorous genius meets and inhales it; in inhaling it he assimilates it to himself, and in so doing imparts to it somewhat of his own pith; and soon this idea, which belonged to no body because it belonged to every body, this idea which passed through souls without moving them, as a light dust in the atmosphere, this idea incarnated in a man springs forth with his speech, all living with his life, all burning with his ardor, and it goes forth electrifying souls and awaking in hearts unutterable thrills.

Thus, to speak strictly, ownership of ideas does not exist among men. And if I have insisted on this point it is not for the pleasure

of gratifying the curiosity of your intelligence, it is to enable you better to understand the altogether divine prodigy of the reformatory conception of Christ. His idea was, in fact, exclusively his own and absolutely original. Criticism, interested in contesting this full originality of the divine Reformer, seeks to believe, and to induce us to believe, that the conception of Jesus was in the air which he breathed, that it floated over Judea and Galilee as over the entire world, and that Jesus, yet young, even from the depth of his obscurity could discover its glimmerings on the charming horizons of Nazareth. If we listen to it nothing is easier than to discover the manner in which this idea of universal regeneration and of the kingdom of souls was developed in the mind of the reformer Jesus, and little by little obtained over him a definitive mastery. Criticism, borrowing here the pencils and colors of poetry, creates in Jesus an ideal life which never existed except in imagination. The truth is, that the idea of reformation revealed in the words of Christ is absolutely his own. It received nothing either from the past or the present, not even a germ. The reason is very plain. Jesus before appearing on the theater of his public life had put his mind in contact neither with the past by the study of the philosophers and reformers of antiquity, nor with the present by sharing in the movements of the age. By the full admission of antichristian criticism "no element of Grecian culture, either directly or indirectly, influenced him, and the essays at religious philosophy attempted by the Jewish school of Alexandria were to him unknown." Literally, Jesus in his humble home at Nazareth grew up obscure, solitary, the obedient assistant of the carpenter Joseph, shut out from all philosophical study in any way capable of wakening in him his reformatory idea. Neither Judea nor Galilee were centers of intellectual activity, and Jesus participated in the agitations of neither of them. But even if he had come in contact with the past by the study of the masterpieces of the human mind, and with the present by participation in its activity, he could thus have obtained no impulses toward his idea, because there was nothing analogous to it either in the past or in the present.

Indeed, there was then in the world a kind of vague idea of regeneration, a confused aspiration for novelty; but in the moral and intellectual condition of the age of Jesus there was nothing, absolutely nothing, which resembled the idea of the divine Reformer. The messianic ideal of the Jews themselves em-

braced nothing like it, and the prophecies relating to the reign of the Messiah were understood in a sense altogether carnal and material. It is true that then there was a dreaming of new royalties, new republics, new reforms; but the idea of a republic of minds, of souls, had occurred to no one. They only thought of founding schools, of erecting academies, but for one to create the government of consciences, to found on faith alone a society vast as space, vast as the centuries, vast as humanity itself, and in this indefinitely-expansive circle to conceive the idea of governing all consciences, and to hold them perpetually under the undisputed sovereignty of his word, assuredly nothing like this was then floating in the air or stirring in the souls of men. This idea Christ found entire and complete in the depths of his own life, and this absolute originality bears the seal of the Divine.

Finally, there is in the idea of Christ as reformer a third feature in which the stamp of the Divine shines out with still greater glory; it is its miraculous, sudden, and instantaneous fullness. I mean by this that the idea of Christ not only sprang from him, and from him alone, in its absolute originality, but it came forth at once in absolute completeness. With a single glance Christ saw the whole boundary of his thought, and the whole field of his reformatory action. He knows how far he will go, knows it at once, and unhesitatingly declares it. This is not only a peculiar prerogative, a unique fact, it is a superhuman privilege, a divine fact. The greatest human conceptions arise not mature at once. Authors may in this pleasantly delude themselves; it is so pleasant to think that one at one grasp touched the deepest root and the highest summit of a subject. True genius is more modest, because it understands itself better. In beginning a work it itself knows not what limit it will attain. Providence, humbling it, hides from it with a cloud the light it may reach. And when the laborious and wearisome hour of execution comes it often materially modifies its original plan. The completed works even, in which shines forth the most complete unity, are no exception to this law of human infirmity. Behold that magnificent and royal basilica! While it appears to you in its grand and simple beauty as the production of one single harmonious thought, you are inclined to think that it sprang at once and complete from the brain which conceived it with all its richness of detail and splendor of unity. You are mistaken. Certainly I have not read the whole history of this beautiful creation, shining in

the sun for long centuries; especially I have not read the history of its invisible formation in the soul of the genius who created it. But there is a condition of things, and I know in advance, even without having read it, that this masterpiece of architecture has in its creation undergone the law which rules all human things. It is only God who realizes at once the whole extent of his plan. His thought alone reaches at the same time the base, the center, and the summit of all; at one glance he discovers and realizes order, harmony, force, and beauty. But human thought marches not in this divine manner. Man's vision, even the most luminous, discovers only one phase of things at a time, even as in his most rapid walking he takes but one step at once. If he regards the whole the details escape him, he looks from too high or too low, and when he views the details he is too low or too near to embrace the whole. This inability to grasp in one luminous thought the whole and the details, this impossibility of man's having at once even of his own works an adequate and complete idea, explains to you why, in art as in science, in reforms as in constitutions, in restorations as in revolutions, man is never able to say, "I will go thus far and no farther. Behold my idea, my plan of regeneration, of reform, or of revolution; it is definitely fixed. I shall neither add to nor subtract from it." No, man never speaks thus. Not only is man ignorant of the bounds of the work which he is planning, he knows not even the ideal limits thereof. This is what renders social and religious reforms so formidable for nations, and presents to the imagination of reformers themselves a thousand alarming phantoms. They dare not say where they will stop, for they know not. They know that there is a current in events stronger than the will of man, and which can not be arrested when once set in motion. The boldest reformers and revolutionists have not foreseen the final limits of the works they began.

Now, what no reformer has ever been able to have—the full foresight of his work—that Jesus Christ possessed fully; his mind grasps at a single bound the limit of the reform he meditates; his plan is at once full and complete. Never did he add to it, never did he take from it. And those who declare that his mind arrived gradually and, so to speak, step by step at the grandeur of his conception, are men of equivocal sincerity and shortened vision, who impute to Christ, in order the better to reduce him to a mere man, the poverty of their own intellect and foresight.

Furthermore, Jesus Christ has said what no man ever dared to say, and has said it under diverse formulæ; he has said to his disciples, Behold my doctrine; go, impart it to the world just as I have delivered it to you; go, teach all things whatsoever I have confided to you. Woe to him who shall attempt to change it even in an iota! If any one shall add to it: *Anathema*. If any one shall take from it: *Anathema*. If any one shall not receive my doctrine, my whole doctrine—if any one shall not be willing to execute my design, my whole design: *Anathema*. The world shall change; my doctrine shall never change. Human philosophy shall renounce all its dogmas and go in search of new ones; my doctrine will never be modified. On earth men shall need to modify, to rebuild, to rejuvenate every thing, their ideas, their doctrines, their plans; I never. Behold my system, my whole system, give it to the world, and let the world beware of touching it, for it is the truth; behold my idea, it is immutable, it is complete, man shall not modify it; heaven and earth shall pass away, the words which bear my thought shall not pass away.

Certainly you will admit that he who possessed such an idea and dared so to publish it, if he did not demonstrate himself God he demonstrated himself insanity itself.

LIVING IN THE SHADOWS.

BY REV. W. T. MOORE.

I AM living in the shadows,
The shadows of the night,
The long, dark, gloomy shadows
That now obscure the light.
I feel their black wings beating
Upon my aching brow,
Like specter thoughts from out the Past
Upon the breast of Now.

I am living in the shadows,
How dark they come and go!
I see them all around me
Like creeping things of woe.
They steal upon my heart-life,
And drain its fountains dry,
Until the only language
Of the soul is through a sigh.

I am living in the shadows,
Though life is scarcely seen;
So dim are all my labors
I know not what they mean;
I only hear faint echoes
From out the world of strife,
And these all seem to whisper
Some energies of life.

I am living in the shadows,
And their solemn spell I feel,
As o'er my soul deep yearnings
Their mournful figures steal;
I almost hear their footfalls,
As in the silence deep
They marshal all their forces,
And round my spirit creep.

I am living in the shadows,
Where black and grievous wrongs
Break on the heart's sweet music
Like discords in our songs;
How sad their mournful gratings
As on each life they fall,
Then, settling on our dying forms,
They make our funeral pall!

I am living in the shadows,
But light somewhere must beam
Unmixed with any darkness,
Where things are as they seem;
For shadows are themselves the proof
That somewhere there is light;
The order of creation was
The day before the night.

I am living in the shadows,
And from the dismal gloom
There comes a voice of wailing
Like an echo from the tomb;
It trembles on each heart-string
Like a sad and weary strain
Wrung from the soul of music
By the cruel hand of pain.

I am living in the shadows,
But I hear this stricken grief,
'T is the voice of all my sorrows,
They are crying for relief;
And as they go on crying
Through all the bitter night,
I hear a voice replying,
"Look up, there still is light."

Now no longer in the shadows,
For by faith I see the day
When all these clouds of sorrow
Shall in beauty break away;
When bright and glorious visions
Shall gleam forth in the light
Of the land where tears and sadness
Shall never dim the sight.

SUDDEN SORROWS.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

SOME sorrows fall with sudden stroke
Like a thunder-peal from a Summer sky,
Leaving the heart ere the storm pass by
Like the lightning-smitten, shattered oak.

We gaze with a sigh on the once fair tree,
We weep in despair with the stricken heart,
Forgetful that God can healing impart,
And beauty and strength in the years to be.

FLORIDA PAPERS—A NIGHT IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY H. H. MOORE, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN tracing down the history of St. Augustine I could but reflect upon the means adopted to procure laborers to erect the fortification and to build the castle. The Apalachian Indians lived far north of the St. John's River on the Suwannee, and were a very peaceable tribe. In 1538 the Spaniards declared war against them, entered their territory, fought and conquered them. The lives of the warriors they captured were spared, and large numbers of them brought to St. Augustine and set to work as slaves on the defenses of the town; and for sixty years they were subjected under military surveillance to the severest labor. It is supposed the trench about the castle—requiring immense work—was dug by them. Through the intercessions of the *pader* they were finally relieved from compulsory labor on the fortifications, *except in cases of necessity*. But notwithstanding all the labor, expenditures of money, and frequent additions that were made to the colony by transportation from the mother country, the population, about 2,000, barely held its own, and the place was weak and the prey of every passing robber. One Davis, an English freebooter, in 1665, with eight vessels, passed up the coast, landed at St. Augustine, captured the town and unfinished fort without opposition. He plundered the place, then destroyed it, and passed on. It was rebuilt, and in 1681 Don Juan Marquez Cabrera commenced with renewed vigor the completion of the castle. Indians were again pressed into the service, and prisoners in large numbers were brought from Mexico, Cuba, South America, and Spain, and set to work. The labor required to build the sea-wall, to quarry the stone for the castle, transport them from Anastasia Island, and put them in their places—to build the bastions, dig the ditches, and construct the redoubts about the town, must have employed hundreds of men many years. Had this labor and means been quietly expended in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and manufacture, Eastern Florida would have been made to bud and blossom as the rose. The castle at this time, still unfinished, was called San Juan de Pinos.

The English settlements in Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, and Georgia, had, in 1700, acquired considerable importance, and the Spaniards, acting upon the instinct which guilt always produces, imagined them to be enemies, and fitted out various expeditions against them.

They also induced the Indians to kidnap their slaves and bring them to St. Augustine, where they were put into the military service. The Spanish authorities state that they made excellent soldiers. The population of mixed bloods was now rapidly increasing upon the purely Spanish, and the mingling of the Spanish, the African, and Indian races produced a class of people possessing much energy and shrewdness, but treachery, vindictiveness, and cruelty were their more prominent characteristics. The feud continued between the St. Augustine and the Northern colonies. The invasions of Florida, conducted by Governors Moore and Oglethorpe, were characterized by considerable energy, but were without much success. Twice the town of St. Augustine was burned, and twice the castle, now called Fort St. Mark, was besieged but not captured. Governor Moore, of South Carolina, was a low, unprincipled villain, and the object of his attack in 1702 was plunder. The churches, convents, and more wealthy families were robbed, and a large amount of silver plate and other valuables were carried to "Charles Town," and there became the occasion of many quarrels among the robbers.

Don Alonzo Fernandez de Herrera was appointed Governor of Florida in 1756, and the following year he completed the Fort. Over the main entrance he placed the Spanish coat of arms, sculptured in *alto relievo*, and wrote beneath it the following inscription:

REYNANDO EN ESPAÑA EL SENR DON FERNANDO SEXTO Y SIENDO GOVOR Y CAPN D SA CD SAN AUGN DE LA FLORIDA Y SUS PROVA EL MARISCAL DE CAMPO DN ALONZO FERNDO HEREDA ASI CONCLUIO ESTE CASTILLO EL AN OD 1756 DERIGA ENDO LAS OBYAS EL CAP. INGNRO DN PEDRO DE BRAZOS Y GARY.

"Don Ferdinand the Sixth, being King of Spain, and the Field Marshal, Don Alonzo Ferdinando Herera, being Governor and Captain-General in this place, St. Augustine, of Florida and its Provinces, this Fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain Engineer, Don Pedro de Brazos y Garay."

After large expenditures made at different times during each year, and continued through two hundred years without any returns either of revenue or of power, Spain, not unwillingly, ceded Florida to England in 1763. England was quite glad to make the acquisition in view of the dissatisfaction which prevailed in her own colonies, and the probability that the storm of war would soon be raging on the Atlantic coast. The ill-will which St. Augustine had always entertained toward the Northern colonies made her the more valuable to England. When the thirteen colonies declared their inde-

pendence and the war of the Revolution ensued, Florida adhered most faithfully to her new master. On the public square John Adams and John Hancock were burned in effigy. During the war St. Augustine became an important military post, from which numerous expeditions were fitted out against Georgia and South Carolina. England held possession of the country twenty years, and in the mean time opened roads into the interior, built bridges, and, to some extent, introduced the peaceable pursuits of agriculture. Dr. Nicholas Trumbull, in the year 1767, brought a colony of 1,400 persons from the Island of Minorca and settled on Indian River, about seventy-five miles south of St. Augustine, and engaged in the cultivation of indigo. He was very successful, but avarice and gain converted him into a heartless tyrant; he treated his people as if they were brutes. In nine years they were reduced to six hundred. The authorities interfered, broke up the colony, and transferred what was left of it to St. Augustine. By the Spanish element these poor Minorcans were treated with the utmost scorn and contempt. There is not to this day scarcely any social intercourse between them. Through all the changes of place and of every kind, these Spaniards remain the same. In 1784 England found that Florida was a heavy bill of expense and likely to continue so, and struck her colors in favor of Spain. The United States purchased the country of Spain in 1820 for the handsome little sum of \$5,000,000 in gold—a grand bargain for Spain. Florida has been a bill of expense to all the governments that have had possession of her, yet nothing is wanted but the adoption of a sound political economy to make it one of the most productive States of the Union.

But the moon is up, full-orbed and glorious, and these general reflections must end. And such a moon! The like is never seen in northern latitudes. There is in its light a soft brilliancy, or, rather, a brilliant softness that is best expressed by the word *glory*. Not a breeze is stirring, and the fragrant, balmy atmosphere is in the highest degree invigorating. The Pride of India is blooming in its full beauty, and loading the air with the wealth of its million blossoms. I had supposed that when on Morris Island, at Beaufort, in Georgia, and out on Southern waters, I had many times witnessed all that was soft, and lovely, and grand, and beautiful in a tropical moonlight scene; but this by far exceeds all I had ever seen before. The air is soft and clear as crystal, and not a cloud is to be seen in any part of the heavens. Many months have passed away since

that night, and I have searched a thousand times for some form of words which would express the surpassing loveliness of that moonlight scene, but as often have failed. It must remain a vision in my own mind, which can never be transferred to another. Irving's "Alhambra by moonlight" is beautiful, but will not do for St. Augustine. Such things must remain unknown where they are not seen.

Leaving the bastion, where I had so long been lost in meditation, I went in search of the celebrated city gate. I found two stone columns six feet square, sixteen feet high, twelve feet distant from each other, and both flanked by immense stone walls. It was intended to connect the east wall with the glacis of the fort, and extend the other around the town. Many millions of dollars would have been required to complete the work. The castle had proved to be impregnable, and it was intended to make the town the same. Two sentry-boxes were attached to these columns on the inside, both elegant specimens of masonry, and one was in a good state of preservation. This gate is a relic of pure feudalism, probably the only specimen to be found in North America. One can afford to make a journey of many miles to see it. From the gate I went to the castle, or Fort Marion—a foolish change of name—as it is now called. I first made the circuit of the entire structure, seeing all that was to be seen, and admiring all I saw. The whole work, including the glacis, occupies about two acres of ground. Near the center of this area stands the castle proper, a stone structure one hundred and eighty feet square, with walls of *coquina* twelve feet thick at the base and seven at the parapet, forty feet high, having four bastions, one on each angle and casemated; around this huge pile of masonry is a ditch twelve feet deep, twenty broad, six of which may be filled with water at will of the besieged. Such is the height of the wall and the breadth of the ditch that scaling ladders are useless. The counterscarp—that is, the outside face of this ditch—is faced with stone; outside the counterscarp, on three sides, is a broad level embankment about twenty feet wide, called the "covered way." It is so denominated because on the outer edge of it rises a stone wall six feet high, which affords *protection* to the men occupying this embankment. This covered way affords room for 800 soldiers engaged in the defense of the fort. From the crest of this sheltering wall the ground slopes gently in all directions toward the country, forming the "glacis" of the fort; on the corners of the parapet of the castle are sentry boxes, built of freestone and elegantly finished,

the same as those attached to the gates of the city. From the sally port a movable bridge extends to the covered way. When the besiegers succeed in "crowning the glacis," that is, getting over into the covered way, the garrison rush into the sally port, draw up the bridge, fill the ditch with water, and from the lofty parapet pour down showers of lead and fire upon them. The fort could have been captured, I think, only by starvation or by demolition. Moore and Oglesby tried both methods and failed. The marks of their little 12-lb cannon-balls may now be seen in the east face of the wall. One ball penetrated nearly out of sight, but a thousand such could have done no harm. A Parrot rifled 300-pounder would tell a different tale. In 1861, while in the hands of the rebels, it made no fight, but surrendered to the Wabash without firing a gun. It may be said in truth that the fort was never captured. Its complement is 1,000 men and 100 guns.

But the interior of the fort, its numerous and gloomy cells, and their still more gloomy history, possess the deepest interest. Before evacuating the fort the Spaniards made an attempt, by walling up the entrances to the subterranean dungeons and concealing them with stucco, to conceal from the civilized world their existence and character. They would probably have been successful had not the ground between two secret cells settled and revealed their artificial arrangements. One discovery led to another, and a large number of damp, dark caverns have been found. A machine was found in one of them, which could have been intended for no other object than the torture of prisoners. Our soldiers have discovered a new cell deep underground, where was a chain half consumed with rust, one end of which was attached to the slimy wall, and the other to the skeleton of a human being stretched out on the filthy rocky floor. The darkness of these dungeons can be felt, and a large blazing torch-light is necessary to dispel it even in a small area. It seems that the subterranean department of this fort was a miniature Inquisition. The fact is, at that period it was the genius and joy of Spain to cause physical anguish. She was happy in proportion as she caused misery. Had her acts of cruelty been unattended with intelligence, this people would have been classed with the most brutal of savages; as it is, they should be classed with fiends. Old Spanish lombards and gun-carriages, upward of three hundred years old, are found in the fort, preserved as relics of the past. I saw not less than thirty, much eaten with rust, about the town, sunk half length in the ground at the

corners of the streets, as a protection to the walls and buildings.

But the evening is far spent, and sentries from distant posts are crying out, "Eleven o'clock and all's well;" but such are the charms of the night and the interest of the surrounding scenery, that I have not the least inclination to retire. For at least an hour I promenaded alone the sea-wall, meditating upon the past and the present of St. Augustine. When the rebellion broke out it contained a population of about 2,000 souls, and has about the same now. Many of the old inhabitants of Spanish descent have been sent within the rebel lines, while Union refugees have come into the town. For many years it has been the resort of Northern invalids, and their purses have given to the place all the vitality it has enjoyed. The climate is so favorable to health that in 1863 Major-General Gilmore established a department hospital here, and it is yet continued. No more healthy spot can be found in America. There is in the place a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Catholic Church. A little south of the town is a United States burying-ground, where none but soldiers are interred. Misses M. and A. Smith, Misses Conant, Noble, and Slocum, a sister of Major-General Slocum, have charge of colored schools. The colored people of St. Augustine are rather a superior class. These teachers, of course, are all Northern ladies.

A first-class boarding-house is kept by Mrs. E. A. Eaton, a Northern lady, and much of her patronage is derived from health-seekers. Were the salubrious and invigorating character of this climate more generally understood, wealthy invalids from all parts of the North would spend at least a part of the year here. Nothing but Northern enterprise will make this a place of business. It was once celebrated for its lemons and oranges.

At 12 o'clock the moon, with constantly-increasing brilliancy, had nearly gained the zenith, and I went aboard the Cosmopolitan intending to retire, but I could not afford to close my eyes against such a glorious scenery as surrounded me. I stepped on to the upper deck; before me was the Matanzas River, or, rather, an arm of the sea, and full of porpoises, snuffing and blowing, and in their sport leaping out of the water, the same as when the French entered it in 1562; a little remote, beyond Anastasia Island, was the glassy ocean, calm as heaven itself. Some distance below me, in their light skiffs, were fishermen. No sound made by a human being could be heard, but the steady tread of a sentinel. Not a breath stirred

the waters, and there I sat an hour watching the play of the finny tribes of the deep, enjoying a sweet communion with nature, lifting up my heart in thankfulness to the great Giver of all, while the glorious golden moon poured down upon sea and land the most enchanting glory. I thought

"The world was full of beauty
As are the worlds above,
And if we did our duty
It would be full of love."

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BY MRS. MARY WENTWORTH ALEXANDER.

ONE by one the leading stars of literature are dropping into that boundless ocean whose waves lash the lone shores of eternity, while their names remain as household words among us who are still of the earth. To-day, alas! and yet in the tender course of nature, as the ripe fruit is gathered into the harvest, New England has lost its brightest adornment, and mourns with tearful regret the sudden exit from the place she has so long occupied of Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, who departed this life at her residence in Hartford, Connecticut, on the morning of the eleventh of June, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. To the writer of this early tribute to her beloved memory the intelligence of this event came like a sharp and piercing sorrow, remote as I had been from all sources of information presaging such a blow, and having in my hands, as late as the first of April, a letter incidentally referring to illness, but giving no intimation of the awful result to which it so soon led. It is hard indeed to believe that this cheerful message of love, so forgetful of self, so filled with the thoughtful tenderness for others, is the last in a correspondence extending through a period of twenty-five years, and endeared to me by every evidence of a genuine and disinterested affection.

Many, I doubt not, in the slow and toilsome profession of authorship, often unremunerative and disheartening, who have been comforted by her sympathy and advice, are ready to-day to lay with me upon her bier, beside the homage which the world pays to her genius and gifts, that higher and holier tribute, the love and reverence of filial hearts warmed by gratitude, and looking back upon periods of doubt and despondency cheered and illuminated by the genial spirit for which the epistolary manuscripts of Mrs. Sigourney were re-

markable. Here was the unbending of a naturally-playful humor, chastened by religion and the gentle dignity which impressed all who came in personal contact with her society. Indeed, in looking over this rich legacy of literary counsel, of Christian instruction, and plain practical advice, which if followed never misled, I know not how to express my admiration of that beautiful symmetrical character which so adorned our sex while it added luster to literature and art. It is my hope that from the mass of private correspondence which enriches many portfolios in America and Europe from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, some discreet friend may preserve for our youth a record which will serve as an example in that most difficult of all branches of composition, the writing of lively letters without gossip and levity, and the discussion of literary merits and demerits without stiffness and reserve.

The history of Mrs. Sigourney has been so long the property of the people that it needs no recapitulation from my pen. Since her decease I have read with mournful interest an elaborate biography, prefaced with a steel engraving and autograph, both of which are striking realities of the original, prepared by the accomplished editor of the Repository in 1855. Nothing could be more accurate than this graphic pen sketch, to which a double value is attached by the death of its distinguished subject. She was born in Norwich, Connecticut, and received an education which embraced those obsolete virtues of diligence and research, if wanting in any of the lighter minutiae of accomplishments, considered so essential at the present day. The schools of that remarkable town—remarkable for its men of mark, its poets, historians, pastors, and collegians—have always been depositories of the highest order of intellect and influence. Here were born and educated Bishop Lee, of Delaware, Bishop Vail of Kansas, Dr. Wentworth, a prominent Methodist divine, Senator T. L. Harris, the venerable Eliphalet Nott, of Union College, Ex-Governors Woodbridge and Trumbull, the present Governor Buckingham, and the noble and patriotic Vice-President Lafayette S. Foster, who if he ever reaches the presidency will adorn it by a talent, and grace, and moral power which have no rivals in the character of any man, famous or obscure. Besides these, poets and painters innumerable owe their origin and first inspiration to the rock-bound hills of that beautiful town upon the Thames. One of the first to receive the full benefits of a course of classical study among her sex, Mrs. Sigourney early proved

the fallacy of our long-discarded theory that woman could not follow the lead of masculine intellect in mathematics and foreign languages. Both were successfully acquired by patient and laborious devotion, and the accuracy of her historical works, whether as fiction or narrative, commend them to the student especially. I think it is Lady Middleton, an aristocratic English authoress, who makes monkeys to chatter on the banks of the Mississippi, and defines the outlines of the Rocky Mountains from its shores. Surely one would think that the geography of a country at least should be learned before conspicuous authors begin to make mouths at the clownish manners of its people. Mrs. Trollope was never amenable for so egregious a blunder as this of the country woman of Thackeray and Dickens in her novel "Too Strange to be True." Rightly named indeed if the rest of the book bears on its face more stupidities like this. Lucy Howard and Connecticut Forty Years Ago were the nearest approaches to light reading ever made by Mrs. Sigourney. The first was commenced as a diary at the early age of eleven years, and is supposed to contain many private and personal reminiscences in the history of its writer. It was concluded and published a few years ago, and has passed through several editions with profit to the publishers and author.

"Connecticut Forty Years Ago" was, in every household in New England, the book of books as a record of domestic life among the Puritans before the days of yellow-backed literature had so vitiated the taste and demoralized society. It is now unfortunately out of print, as no other work within the compass of our reading so graphically depicts the good old customs long since grown into disuse among us. The more finished prose works, however, are her inimitable letters to young ladies and to mothers. "Past Meridian" has the charm of a lovely sunset after a long and busy day; and though we have no particulars as yet of the surroundings of the death-bed of this illustrious woman, we feel sure that she fell as tranquilly into the arms of the good Shepherd as the little child who leans at night upon his mother's breast and sinks away into the sweet land of dreams.

To enumerate all or any portion of the literary labors of Mrs. Sigourney were impossible in a sketch like this. To others more skilled in such researches we leave the pleasant task of compilation, and lay our own offering of the heart upon the altar of incense which memory will ever kindle to her name. It is fragrant of gentle charities distilled as the dew

falls. The world has lost, art has lost, a long and lustrous star. Hundreds, alas! have lost a friend, in the best acceptance of that misused term. Generous, self-forgotten, while filled with tender forethought for others, young aspirants for fame, missions, schools, destitute Churches, and disheartened pastors, the poor, the sick, have indeed lost a friend. Though so many of our popular writers ignore the merits of an atoning Savior, this blessed doctrine finds in the prose and poetry of Mrs. Sigourney reverent recognition as the cardinal point of Christian faith. Whatever she may have lost in not creating new and startling sensations by every stroke of her pen, Mrs. Sigourney has assuredly gained in the affectionate and lasting remembrance of the great body of religionists in our own country and Europe. It is very fashionable to sneer at orthodoxy, and to knead into the popular reading of the day such errors in relation to the Gospel and the mission and nature of the Savior as a hundred years of preaching might fail to eradicate. But we give these Gail Hamilton's warning that like all else of good a lofty, lasting literary fame must, to be enduring, be built upon the Rock of Ages. Where are the writers cotemporary with Hannah More? and how seldom do we hear them mentioned, while the works of this zealous Christian woman are in every considerable library among us?

But we must have done with these desultory remarks. The life and labors of one we loved and mourn are before the world. Critics will sit in judgment soon upon both, but the record when made up will show a balance upon the side of the soul that has already passed in review before the Judge of all the earth. We leave here our few hasty impressions gathered from correspondence and intercourse with the deceased, hoping that some more skillful hand may trace for posterity in powerful and moving lines the character of an illustrious woman who knew how to be good as well as great, and who never refused the homage of the poorest heart in the highest estate to which a lofty fame had called her. We claim no place for this in the coming annals of her glorious life. It is essentially a transcript of private thoughts drawn forth by the oppression of grief which filled our souls at the sudden announcement of her departure from us forever. Sorrowfully we bid farewell to the beloved features, the prompt recurring letters, the tender messages to children and friends; and while we may look in vain for another to fill to us her place on earth, we thank God for all that she has been to us in the past.

SHEFFIELD AND ITS MAN-OFFERINGS.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

SHEFFIELD, the English town of fire and steel, has produced three men at least, whose names have been blown abroad by the trumpets of reputation, and whose performances fully justify the parade with which they have been announced to the world. These men are Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rhymer," James Montgomery, the religious poet, and James Bailey, the author of a remarkable book on the "Formation and Publication of Opinions." It is not a little curious that a town, made up of such coarse elements as Sheffield confessedly is, should have given birth to three such fine spirits. Go where you will, east, west, north, or south, in the neighborhood of that vast overgrown village, you meet with Cyclops and Cyclopean pictures. Nature has been driven out of the immediate valleys, and reflects her beauties no more on the various rivers which meander through them. The trees are all black and withered as by some terrible, primeval curse. Flowers, which are the jewelry of creation, rarely show themselves in these localities. Violets, crocuses, buttercups, and daisies do occasionally gather in sweet clusters on the banks of the Rivilin, and those other babbling streams which yet sing outdoor songs to the weary grinders and steel-workers; but these are rare greetings for the wanderer's eyes, which are for the most part saluted only by dank weeds, and turbid, doleful waters, and a forbidding vegetation. Where, not long ago, Nature held her most secret and sacred courts, which were made cheerful and melodious by the songs of birds, the roaring blast-furnace thunders and flames to quite another tune, which, though not so musical as that of the birds, throbs with the great undertones—the bass-notes of civilization. The grinder's forge and the grating, harsh sound of his metal as he brings it into perpetual contact with the whirling stones, fashioning it thereby into implements of art, have driven all natural beauty far away to the open moors, and distant woods, and secluded dells and ravines.

For the more remote neighborhood of Sheffield abounds with these rich domains of primordial nature, and some of the finest and grandest scenery in England is to be found within a reasonable distance of its dingy streets. Elliott has made every inch of that ground classic by his impassioned praises of it. His poetry is full of the enchantment which he

finds or makes there. Witness his wonderful piece called "The Ranter," which reflects all the grand features of the surrounding landscape from the heights of Shirewood to far-off "Stan-edge tipped with fire." The songs of all the rivers round Sheffield—the Porter, the Don, the Loxley, the Chase, and the Rivilin—live in his verses, and are as liquidly musical there as they are on their natural courses, dancing merrily in the sunlight. Hear a verse of his interpretation of the music of the Rivilin, by way of example:

"Beautiful river, goldenly shining
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining,
Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,
Rivilin, wildest! Do I not love thee?
Why do I love thee, heart-breaking river!
Love thee and leave thee, leave thee forever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee rushing to meet me!
Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming,
Beauty in music, sister of Wyming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbleden's sister, sad in thy gladness.
O when thy poet weary reposes,
Coffined in slander far from thy roses,
Tell slave and tyrant—heart-breaking river!—
Tell them I loved thee, loved thee forever!"

I call this the perfection of lyrical melody, which could only have been inspired by a genuine love of nature. The Rivilin was Elliott's favorite stream, and his poems abound with allusions to it. It cheered and gladdened the old man's heart that there existed so sweet, wild, and romantic a valley within easy walking distance of the dingy and overlabored city, whither, on highdays and holidays, the mechanics and grinders could repair for health, relaxation, and enjoyment. His sympathies were with the working-man, "whom, if not always wisely," as Montgomery says of him, "I at least," he adds, "dare not say that he loved too well." There was no affectation in this his avowed devotion to the interests of the poor. He had mixed with them from his childhood—worked with them at the same forge, in the same work-shop, and was well acquainted with their wants, necessities, virtues, and shortcomings.

He made poems expressly for them, to influence their feelings, taste, and conduct. Some of these pieces have become litanies, as well as rejoicing songs, in many a secluded cottage home among the woods, hills, and moorlands. He wrote against the drinking habits of the workmen, which, in his time, were appalling, and conducted upon the vast scale of Beth-hallah and the old Norse gods. "Week in, week out, from morn till night," they poured down their

throats gallon after gallon of the mightiest brews which the vats of Sheffield and Rotherham could produce. They were great gin-lovers also; and on Saturday nights, after they had received their wages, the gin-shops were crowded with unwomanly women, surrounded by gangs of unclean and ragged children; greasy, grimy, drunken, and riotous men, smoking short, black, culty pipes, lolling over the sumptuous counters in groups of two and three, or sitting together at little side-tables drinking gin and water hot, their ghastly faces looming suggestively through the steam and the tobacco fumes, as they sang in chorus their lewd and profane songs.

This was a great sorrow to Elliott, who, although a political economist after the straitest doctrines of Adam Smith, had a heart in him as big as a kingdom, and yearned after the social and moral elevation of these lost and degraded men. He knew what pretty cottages, what neat and befitting furniture, what pleasant gardens, what happy homes they were, each one of them, throwing away at these brutal orgies. A grinder, who would work full time—which the most would not do, being rarely at their wheels more than two or three days in the week—could earn from three to five pounds—a large sum in England, and quite as much as many a country squire gets from his rent-roll wherewith to sustain the dignity of his household.

The greater part of the money thus earned the Sheffield grinder spends in drink and debauchery, unless, as sometimes happens, he has a taste for hunting, when he takes out his certificate, mounts a lad on a pony with a couple of large sacks for his saddle-bags, and ascending the steep sides of a seventeen-hand horse himself, his gun swung over his shoulders, and his dogs following him, he rides off to the nearest preserve and shoots all the game he can spring, which the boy deposits in the sacks aforesaid, and when they are full rides off with them to Sheffield, where they are publicly sold to the game-dealer, both parties making a good profit out of the transaction. If the grinder happens to come across a game-keeper on these foraging expeditions, a sturdy fight generally ensues, in which the grinder is nearly always the victor. He is sure to be pulled up, however, before the magistrates, and is always prepared for the fine that follows, which is simply a fine for trespass, because having bought his license to kill game, he can not be classed with and punished as a poacher! Many grinders make this a regular trade in the shooting-season, much to the annoyance and

rage of the manor lords, who are the victims of this cunning game.

Unhappily the money thus acquired is not stored for the "things of a man," for homes, or for setting up a business on their own account; but it is squandered in drink, gambling, and the nameless dreadful crimes which these lead to.

Elliott labored to get them and the workmen generally to attend the Mechanics' Institution of an evening, where there were classes open for instruction, and a good reading-room and library, as well as periodical lectures and concerts, but with very small success. In his poems, addressed specially to this class, he taxed all the ingenuity and skill of his muse to show the blessings of a sober, intelligent home, however humble, compared with the filth, squalor, and wretchedness of the drunkard's lodging-place. There is a very pleasing and hopeful poem of this class in his works, called "The Home of Taste," which is all the more interesting to me because I chance to be well acquainted with the mechanic whose sobriety, intelligence, and happy household are the subjects of its celebration. I will transcribe it here that the reader may have some idea of the kind of poetical machinery which he employed to aid in the great and well-nigh impossible social and moral reform of the Sheffield workmen:

THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek a home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there;
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Throned in the elbow chair!
Or on his sofa, reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start? Why envy worth like his,
The carpet on his floor?

You seek the home of slutt'ry—
"Is John at home?" you say;
"No, sir; he's at the 'Sportman's Arms';
The dog fight's o'er the way."
O, lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low, sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
Outbid the house of sin!
O, give him taste! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
And shows him how she smiled.

Elliott knew that, apart from the regenerating influences of religion, the workman could only be elevated by the cultivation of his taste,

feelings, and intellectual faculties. Hence he exhorted him to ceaseless thrift and industry, and to the study of good and ennobling books in his leisure hours. To stimulate him to this course he wrote poems, as I said, like that just quoted, and showed that the limited means of the industrious classes was no bar to elegance and happiness. He gathered to his name a number of young and intelligent workmen, who called themselves "The Elliott Club," who adopted his counsels, studied his poetry, and became ultimately, each one of them, the center of a little home-circle of civilization—happy husbands, fathers, and citizens. This was a great good gained so far, and, indeed, this is the only way by which society, from its center to its circumference, can be reached and reformed. Let it never be forgotten that a man is the epitome of his country; that he is the country—considered as a people—on the unit scale. You multiply him by the sum total of the population, and you find him swelled into the millions thereof. Reformation, therefore, must begin with the individual. Let each man reform himself, or, better still, let him be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and the problem of the social reformation is solved.

In this country we can form but a poor idea, thank God! of the great ignorance, the dreadful degradation and destitution of a very large proportion of the English workmen. This holds good with respect even to the manufacturing population, and in 1845 I discovered a large city in Yorkshire—without the aid of a microscope—containing 150,000 or 130,000 souls—I forget the exact figures—in which there was not a single school provided for the factory workers or their children. There were "national schools," it is true, of a sort; but these did not meet the requirements of a people who were doomed to rise every morning at stroke of bell—in Summer at 6 o'clock, in Winter at 7 o'clock, and work all day in the mills and factories, from that hour in the morning till 6 o'clock in the evening. Incredible as this may seem to school-loving Americans, who really care for their fellow-citizens, no matter of how poor a degree they may chance to be, it is nevertheless true; and the Ego of this memoir may record the fact, he hopes without being charged with egotism, that he, at that time editor of the famous radical journal, the "Leeds Times," threw up his position there, and in heart-felt sympathy for these unhappy workmen, devoted the next seven or eight years of his life in the establishment of a people's college for their exclusive instruction and benefit; that he left it with eleven hundred students—

all working men—in its classes, and a staff of between sixty and seventy masters, paid and voluntary.

This is a mere item by the way, introduced here to show the inherent barbarism of the British Government in its dealings with the "great unwashed," as the London Times once designated the industrial classes of that country; a barbarism all the more savage and brutal because it is the offspring of a highly-refined civilization, which, under the name of *aristocracy*, designed it to crush every semblance of popular liberty in its cradle; believing that where "ignorance is bliss" tyranny is strongest and most unassailable. The "People's College" alluded to is still in full vigor and usefulness—the largest in the United Kingdom—with a school of design attached to it, which has developed some notable examples of artistic ability, and vastly improved the taste and style, in patterns and colors, of those cunning magicians of the loom, who in this city preside over the destinies of the fancy manufacture of England.

Elliott was deeply interested in the fortunes of this great educational experiment. The *curriculum* of instruction extended over a wide field, and embraced some important departments of human knowledge. It was large, liberal, and practical, having an eye to the work of the locality, and designing to make the workmen artists in their several professions. Chemistry, illustrated by practical experiments; the three great modern European languages, Latin and Greek, and mathematics were included in the programme, and attracted many students. "Your college, sir," said Elliott, in speaking of it, "is a man-maker. You have established it upon the principle that man is to be educated because he is a man; and as this is God's intention, it must have God's sanction and blessing. O, how the Tory lords and parsons must love you! Why, sir, you are teaching afresh and practicing for the first time in the working-man's case, in England, the great doctrine taught by the ever-blessed Christ long sorrowful centuries ago, that all men are equal before God; and that the soul of a shoe-black is as precious in his sight as the soul of a duke or an archbishop. Such doctrine is dangerous, sir! It will subvert the estates of the realm. It means life, light, liberty, and justice to every member of the commonwealth! for that is the bottommost meaning and result of education. Sir, you deserve to be put into the stocks as a common benefactor! You are perpetrating treason against the tyranny of kings and lordlings day by day. They want to keep the peo-

ple in ignorance that they may the better and the more safely plunder them, and hold back from them the inalienable rights of man. Off with him, gentlemen 'Horn Fiets!' 'Padding Yeads!' 'Fustian Jackets!'—off with him to the Rock! I see already the great sun-eyes of an awful, terrible, appalling Republic flashing ominously athwart the chaotic ruins of the dead system which you are so traitorously helping to demolish, and I would to God, sir, that we had a cricket like you in our town!"

I give this speech for two or three reasons, one of which is that it is characteristic of the poet's ordinary style in conversation, and an example of the mixed humor, earnestness, and badinage which he sometimes affected when the subject touched and interested him. The English had to fight for every gleam of intellectual and spiritual illumination which they possess. All their liberties have been rung piecemeal from their rulers amid the roar of battle and the throes of revolution; or otherwise they have been conceded through the dread and fear of the popular uprisings. They have had to beg to learn to read, or for permission to teach themselves to read. And as for speaking—free political or religious speaking—that was a license reserved till quite late years for the House of Commons only, and used by that august assemblage of the expressed noodleism of the country, often very sparingly, and in perpetual terror of the falling down of the suspended sword—hung there by King George III to intimidate those who had the will but not the courage to fear God and act justly.

Thanks to the American Republic, which has not "burst," the English people and the European nationalities are still struggling toward that great light, thankful for its reflected rays, and hopeful that one day they will have a republic of their own—a genuine republic, when the *vox populi* shall, in deed and in truth, be the *vox Dei*.

I wish there were room for more talk about Elliott in this present issue of your magazine. He was such a noble fellow—of such true human grit—so grimly earnest also in this more than half-frivolous age—redeemed only by the sublime war for God's truth and the rights of men, now being enacted on this continent—that it is refreshing to hear of him. He also could write battle songs; and had he been alive now the mighty heart of the grand old bard would have leaped once again into still more triumphant song inspired by the unnumberable hosts, the thunder of the cannon, the shoutings of the captains, and the rejoicings—in a war which involves the tremendous issues of human liberty,

not here only, but all the wide world over. Judge from the specimen below what we might have got from him if he also had not "gone over to the majority."

BATTLE SONG.

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark—
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more: the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away.
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us, or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pensioned slave of Attila
Leads on the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tasseled silk, nor epaulet,
Nor plume, nor corse;
No splendor gilds, all sternly met
Our foot and horse.
But dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves! and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire;
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers
Insults the land;
Wrongs, and vengeance, and the cause are ours!
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God,
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave!
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

Elliott's hatred of the aristocracy, as a power oppressive of the people, standing always in the pathway of their progress, resolute to keep them in ignorance that thereby they might continue to hold them in bondage, was the inspiration behind this startling lyric—this audible summons to battle. He had no doubt that one day, sooner or later, the "tasseled silk and epaulet" would have to confront the people "condensed in ire;" but he never encouraged an appeal to physical force. It was to be a battle of principles, not of flesh-and-blood men, for which he hoped to get another charter of liberty for the people. I suppose that no man living in his time did more to forward the Reform Bill, to popularize the doctrines of the Chartist among the middle classes, and to render the Corn Laws infamous, than he did through the instrumentality of his songs.

It is curious that all his best poetry, or at

least, the greater part of it, had been published before he commenced his crusade against the Corn Laws; for to him belongs the honor of establishing the first Anti-Corn-Law Association, which he started in Sheffield long before Richard Cobden, the Luther, and John Bright, the Melancthon of the revolution, appeared upon that mighty platform. I say it is curious that this should have been the fact in respect to the historical order of his poetical effusions, and that he should have gathered so few laurels from so great a wealth of literary production; for till the publication of the "Ranter" he was known only to a very narrow circle, and he was indebted to the "Corn-Law Rhymes" for his first authentic literary recognition. This is the real marvel to me; for although the "Rhymes" have the genuine ichor in them, and ring with the sweetest music, they are but trifles light as air compared with his elaborate poems—"The Village Patriarch," for example, which contains descriptive and pathetic passages that no English poet need blush to acknowledge. Colonel, now General, T. Perrotte Thompson, one of the finest scholars in England, and a profound political economist, at whose feet John Stewart Mill deemed it an honor to sit and learn, was Elliott's political father; and he used to say that the only four books worth preserving in any general conflagration of the world and carrying over to the world to come, were the Bible, Homer, Euclid, and the "Corn-Law Catechism." Very few readers have seen any specimens of these remarkable productions, which introduced Elliott at once to fame and honor, and made Sir Edward Bulwer, and poet-laureate Southey, Dr. Bowring, William Howitt, and a host of other celebrities, his friends. Here is one of them:

CAGED RATS.

Ye coop us up and tax our bread,
And wonder why we pine;
But ye are fat, and round, and red,
And filled with tax-bought wine;
Thus twelve rats starve while three rats thrive—
Like you, on mine and me—
When fifteen rats are caged alive,
With food for nine and three.

Haste! havoc's torch begins to flow—
The ending is begun;
Make haste! Destruction thinks you slow,
Make haste to be undone!
Why are ye called "My Lord" and "Squire,"
While fed by mine and me?
And wringing food, and clothes, and fire,
From bread-taxed misery?

Make haste, slow rogues! prohibit trade!
Prohibit honest gain!
Turn all the good that God hath made

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To fear, and hate, and pain;
Till beggars all, assassins all,
All cannibals we be,
And Death shall have no funeral
From shipless sea to sea.

None of the poems, however, which I have here quoted, give any thing like a fair idea of Elliott's power and genius as a poet. I could make a selection from his poems which it would be hard to match in a similar selection from any modern author who keeps a horse at the Muse's stables on Parnassus. A wondrous melody and pathos are in him, and he uses a magnificent diction. He has also a rare power of condensation, which he says is a trick that he learned from Young's "Night Thoughts." He writes often and mostly in aphorisms, giving us the result of thought, as with a lash of fire, without the cold process. Lord Bacon says that aphoristic writing is the most difficult and skilled of all composition, being taken from the pith and heart of the sciences, which is good for Elliott! I can not conclude this running fire of gossip without presenting the reader with one specimen at least of Elliott's highest style and manner. I know of no finer poem of its class in literature than that which he calls

LEAVES AND MEN.

Drop, drop into the grave, old leaf!
Drop, drop into the grave!
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown—
Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, old leaf,
Above thy forest grave, old leaf!
Drop, drop into the grave.

The birds in Spring will sweetly sing
That death alone is sad;
The grass will grow, the primrose show
That death alone is sad:
Lament above thy grave, old leaf;
For what has life to do with grief?
'Tis death alone that's sad.

What then? We two have both lived through
The sunshine and the rain;
And blessed be He, to me and thee
Who sent his sun and rain!
We've had our sun and rain, old leaf,
And God will send again, old leaf,
The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men
Bloom, wither, and are gone:
As winds and waters rise and fall,
So life and death roll on;
And long as ocean heaves, old leaf,
And bud and fade the leaves, old leaf,
Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, old leaf!
We'll drop together down;
How like art thou to me, old leaf!
We'll drop together down.

I'm gray, and thou art brown, old leaf!
 We'll drop together down, old leaf,
 We'll drop together down.
 Drop, drop into the grave, old leaf!
 Drop, drop into the grave!
 Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown—
 Drop, drop into the grave.
 December's tempests rave, old leaf,
 Above thy forest grave, old leaf!
 Drop, drop into the grave.

THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

"I DECLARE I have a half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go, either; but I think I will send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" inquired her good old aunt, in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by 1 o'clock, at least, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night; so"—

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady gently; "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life, would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family, or, better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living; begrudge not the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candlelight, and plodded through the cold, here and there, to her customers' houses and toiled away her existence. Let her go at noon, if she gets through; who knows but she may have come from the sick-bed of some loved one, and counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing that she may be too late? Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured because her employer did as you would to make out the wash."

And the old woman took off her glasses and wiped away the tears that gathered in her aged eyes, and then, with a tremulous voice, related the promised story.

"There was never a more blithesome bridal than that of Ida R. None ever had higher hopes; more blissful anticipation. She married the man of her choice; one of whom any woman might be proud. Few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and real comfort; her husband the same, kind, gentle, loving man as in the days of courtship; winning laurels every year in his profession; adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And, besides these blessings, God had given another; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than aught else the world can offer.

"But I must not dwell on these happy times; my story has to do with other days. It was with them as it has often been with others; just when the cup was sweetest, it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them every thing but love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began again to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it staid, and the shadow fell. The husband sickened, and lay for many months upon a weary couch, languishing, not only from mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicine. All that she could do the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she, who had worn a satin garment upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. In a dreary Winter, long before light, she would rise, morning after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil there at rubbing, rinsing, and starching, not unfrequently wading knee-deep in the drifts to hang out the clothes that froze, even ere she had fastened them to the line. And when night came, with her scanty earnings, she would again grope through the cold snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick to tend even the fire, or to strike a light. And O, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever she would be too late! It is a fact, that for six weeks at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamplight, except on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her!

"One dark Winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast, and getting every thing ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"'Ida,' said he, in almost a whisper, 'I want you to try and come home early to-night; be home before the light goes; do, Ida!'

"'I'll try,' answered she with a choking utterance.

"'Do try, Ida. I have a strong desire to see your face by daylight. To-day is Friday. I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again.'

"'Do you feel worse?' asked she, anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"'No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight; I can not wait till Sunday.'

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through the little window, but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played upon her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms, and five minutes after the clock struck one, she was just about emptying the tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, saying,

"'As you have a small wash, Ida, I think you may do these yet.'

"After the mistress had turned her back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she set to work and rinsed and hung out. It was half past three when she started for home—an hour too late!" and the aged narrator sobbed aloud.

"An hour too late!" continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was almost gone. He had strength given him to whisper a few words to his half-frantic wife, to tell her how he longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart, and then he was at rest!

"Mary, Mary, dear!" and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman. Instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out washing daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way, and be sure, Mary, when she is constrained to do so, it is her last resort. That poor woman, laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has passed through terrible trials, too. I can

read her history in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mary, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room for the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have, and my heart is relieved of a heavy load. I was afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the aunt kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered:

"Ah, ma'am! I left my baby almost dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow, I know it. I have seen it too many times, and none but a child of nine years to attend him. O, I must go, and quickly!"

And grasping the money she had toiled for while her babe was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after they followed her; the young wife, who had never known sorrow, and the aged matron, whose hair was white with trouble, followed her home—the home of the drunkard's babes.

She was not too late. The little dying boy knew its mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the mother the breathless form, closed those bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, and bathed the cold clay, folding about it the pure white shroud; yes, and more, they gave what the poor so seldom have, time to weep.

"O, aunt," said Mary, with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's? Had it not been for you, she would have been too late. It has been a sad yet holy lesson. I shall always be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was not the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head, when it had seen but thirty Summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore, that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

DIVINE Providence tempers his blessings to secure their better effect. He keeps our joys and our fears on an even balance, that we may neither presume nor despair. By such compositions God is pleased to make both our crosses more tolerable, and our enjoyments more wholesome and safe.—*Wogan*.

REMINISCENCES OF GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. ALFRED E. LEE.

"Now for the fight! now for the cannon peal!
Forward through blood, and toil, and cloud, and
fire;
Glorious the shout, the shock, the clash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire."

"There was lack of woman's nursing,
There was dearth of woman's tears."

THOUGH the war for the Union has been marked by many thrilling episodes and crises, there is, perhaps, none which will stand forth in more bold relief upon the pages of history than that which culminated on the first day of July, 1863, upon Pennsylvania soil. Then and there the largest and best-appointed army of the Union met the best-organized, most ably-commanded, and in every way most formidable army of the rebellion in an open, pitched battle, upon the result of which were staked the very existence of this nation. It may be that other engagements have since occurred which, in a popular sense, have been more decisive; but it needs no prophet to foretell that to this one above all others history will ascribe the credit of being the turning battle of the war. Here the most powerful and most dangerous blow ever dealt by its armed foes against the life of the Republic was made to recoil upon the heads of those who gave it. Had the result been otherwise, one's heart sickens to contemplate the disastrous results that must have followed. There was but one obstacle to prevent the enemy's going to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or, in short, wherever through our rich Northern land he chose to direct his line of march. That obstacle was the Army of the Potomac. That army once thoroughly routed, the rebel chieftain was at liberty to go where and do what he pleased. In forty-eight hours he would have hoisted the Confederate flag upon the pinnacles and steeples of the Monumental City. In forty-eight more his cannon would have been thundering at the gates of Washington. In the mean time the Northern sympathizers with secession, having perfected their organization and prepared themselves for the emergency, now taking their cue from the success of the rebel army, would have established mob rule over the whole chain of Atlantic cities, torn up the railroads, destroyed supplies, cut off reinforcements, and thus paralyzed the whole machinery of our Government. Such was the gigantic plot against our liberties

which was balked and overthrown on the plains of Gettysburg. That it was not carried to complete success is due under God only to the obstinate valor and patriotic endurance of the heroes who for three days and nights withstood on Cemetery Hill the surging hosts of rebellion, and finally drove them shattered and routed down its crimsoned slope. Those who witnessed the desperation with which the enemy charged our lines, scaled our fragile breast-works, and swayed back our unsupported regiments only can fully appreciate the unutterable peril which during that long and bloody battle overhung the hopes and destinies of this great people. There were times during the engagement when, had a single regiment given way, the center of the army would have been broken, its key position lost, its artillery captured, and its irrecoverably-routed fragments sent flying backward toward Baltimore.

It was the fortune of the writer to be a participant in a considerable portion of those sanguinary scenes. It is needless to say that they are yet fresh in my memory, and have graven themselves there with a clearness and distinctness which only the loss of reason can efface. Yet as I revert to them now they seem more like some strange, terrible dream than an actual experience. That I lived through them I can only attribute to the special providence and divine interposition of Him whose loving eye watches the flight of the sparrow, and whose tender regard is never withheld from the humblest of his creatures.

The 1st and 11th Corps, being the vanguard of the army, reached Emmittsburg, Maryland, on the evening of June 29th. Schurz's Division was here encamped in the beautiful grove which adjoins the convent established at this place by the Sisterhood of Our Lady of Mercy. Having outstripped in our march the main body of the army, we awaited its arrival till the morning of the 30th. This little rest was much appreciated by the troops, for since the breaking up of their Summer camps at Stafford they had experienced a succession of severe fatigues and exposures. Wandering among the embowered walks that encircled the convent, many a weary, war-worn soldier must have been deeply impressed with the contrast between his mode of life and that of those who dwelt among those quiet, peaceful shades. The impressions here made upon my own mind can never be effaced. To one just out of the dust and excitement of the march this place conveyed such an impression of calm repose that it could not fail to have a charming in-

fluence upon his mind. The carefully-kept and tastefully-arranged cemetery, the neat, grassy graves with their white crosses and simple inscriptions, the sacred-looking little chapel containing the remains of the foundress of the institution, the cool, green sward traversed by graveled walks and ornamented by fine trees, beautiful flowers, and Scriptural statuary, the richly-finished church, with its fine paintings, costly tapestry, stainless carpet, marble altar, and precious images and furniture, above all, the saintly, demure-looking sisters bowed in this beautiful place in solemn devotion, all things make up in my mind a picture which, followed as it is by one full of terror and blood, seems like a pleasing enchantment preceding some horrible dream.

But, spite of its attractions, none of us had much time to linger around this place. The duties of the camp summoned us away and cut short our all too brief reprieve from care and excitement. Preparations to resume the march had been begun, and it was needful that every soldier should be at his post. Neither was it a time now for sentimental reflection or for recreation. No one must at such a time as this permit a thought of personal comfort or gratification to interfere with the stern call of duty. The traitorous foe invades loyal soil and threatens destruction to all that we hold dear. We must crush him. This thought engrossed every other, and fired and animated each bosom.

Hitherto the movements and whereabouts of the enemy had been to us a profound secret. There were uncertain rumors that Stuart's cavalry was ravaging the Cumberland Valley, and that Lee's army, having crossed the Potomac, was marching northward; but this was the extent of our information. That the command of our army had been changed also became incidentally known to us, but of the character or qualities of the new commander we knew scarcely any thing. He was an entire stranger to us, which fact, though under ordinary circumstances it could not have caused unfavorable impressions, at such a critical time as this gave room for doubt and distrust. But this feeling was counteracted in a great measure by the unanimity of purpose and determination which pervaded and inspired the entire army. It mattered but little to our men who commanded them so they but felt him to be a man of ordinary sense and ability; for after all their main reliance was upon the inherent justice of their cause, and upon the infinite God who must ever befriend the right and frown upon the wrong.

The evening of the 30th was wet and gloomy. My comrades in arms soon sank to repose under their little shelter-tents, blissfully unconscious of present cares and of the terribly thrilling events in which they were in a few hours to participate. Their deep breathing fell upon my ear in solemn cadence, while by the flickering light of a candle I endeavored to dictate a few lines to the loved ones whose prayers in my behalf were, perhaps, even then ascending to the Throne. While thus engaged at about the hour of midnight I heard a mounted orderly gallop hastily to the Colonel's quarters and deliver a message. From his hurried manner it was evident that he brought marching orders. Accordingly the Sergeant-Major soon came around warning us to be up betimes and ready for an early movement. It was not, however, till eight o'clock, A. M., that the regiments of our brigade had filed out of their camps into the road and were well on the march. The column moved in the direction of Gettysburg, eleven miles distant, and it now became evident that we were going thither. Having already marched over one hundred miles, and much of that distance over flinty roads, many of the men were nearly barefoot, and all were much worn. Yet buoyancy and cheerfulness pervaded the column, and each man evinced by his firm, elastic step and calm visage his settled determination to do his part nobly when occasion offered in driving invading traitors from loyal soil. At ten o'clock, A. M., we crossed the line separating Maryland from Pennsylvania. The regiments from the latter State greeted the "Old Keystone" with enthusiastic cheers, their drums and colors saluting and bands playing. Alas! how many thus revisited their native soil to find there a soldier's grave!

At eleven o'clock, A. M., the distant and ominous booming of artillery gave us our first intimation that we were nearing the enemy. The dull and occasional thunder sounded directly in advance and seemed to be three or four miles distant. This far-off muttering of the coming battle seldom depresses a soldier's spirits. On the contrary, it engages his attention, awakens his curiosity, and fires his manhood. To the weak and cowardly it is, of course, otherwise, and so in this instance. This class, as usual, began to drop out of the ranks and make excuses for going to the rear. They were hooted at and shamed by their patriotic comrades, who loudly commended the provost guard in its efforts to drive them forward at the point of the bayonet.

The men began to grow weary. They had

been allowed but ten minutes' rest since leaving Emmitsburg. Yet there was very little complaint, and the column pressed forward with alacrity. The cannonading grew louder and more frequent. The people living along the road gathered in anxious groups and waved tearful benedictions to the soldiers. Pale, trembling women brought to the roadside food and drink, which they dispensed with willing hand to the hurrying men, who could only snatch them and go on. At the same time they showered upon us many a "God bless you, boys!" which seemed to spring up from the very fountains of the soul. Verily, woman has not been an idle actor in the great drama of this war. Her hand of charity has dispensed unnumbered blessings, while her heart of love has wafted immeasurable comfort and encouragement to the patriots who have stood a living bulwark between "their loved homes and war's desolation." Nor do any know or appreciate this fact better than the soldiers themselves, who have been the recipients of these favors, and who have felt their silent yet potent influence ever since.

"The time has come when brothers must fight
And sisters must pray at home."

At length, reaching the crest of a plateau, a wide, undulating plain unfolded itself to our view. It was the amphitheater in which was about to be enacted the greatest tragedy since Wagram and Austerlitz. About one mile in front, at the foot of the plateau, the town of Gettysburg loomed up in the dull, vapory atmosphere. Far beyond a low range of hills skirted the horizon, and these, as we afterward learned, were now in the possession of the enemy. Just in the suburbs of the town, on its farther side, dense volumes of white smoke swelling hurriedly into the air pointed out the locality where the Cerberean mastiffs, whose baying we had heard, were executing the prologue to the great drama of which the first sanguinary scenes were soon to be enacted.

The 1st Corps, which was in advance, had now filed from the road and was hastening into position on the left of the town. At this moment a heavy shower of rain began to fall, which dangerously dampened our muskets and cartridges. The column trudged patiently on till it entered the town, when the rain ceased, leaving the air pleasantly cool. The village was now in a tumult of excitement. The heavy tramp of the infantry, the rumbling and rushing of the artillery galloping to the front, the clanging of sabers, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the gleaming of arms, the sweaty, excited

countenances of the troops, the shouts of command, and the booming of the deep-throated guns, made up a scene of which the vivid picture will burn upon thousands of memories to the end of life.

The column was not allowed a moment's rest, but hurried through the town almost on the "double-quick." Groups of terror-stricken citizens, including men and women, and even prattling children, stood intently gazing for the first time upon the strange hurry-scurry of battle. They seemed to realize even far more deeply than we the dread import of the storm that was just breaking. They spoke words of encouragement to the passing soldiery, and the voices of youth and age mingled in this kindly office. On the farther side of the town we met the cavalry just returned from the front. They brought the news that the gallant Reynolds had fallen, and thus baptized with his blood the soil of his native State almost at the precincts of his home. They gave encouraging accounts of the skirmishing, and were enthusiastic over a wild rumor that a whole brigade of rebels had been captured.

Filing from the road into the open fields beyond the town our brigade immediately took its position. The regiments being hastily formed into double columns, ours was put in rear and in support of Dilger's Ohio Battery, which was now playing vigorously upon the enemy. The rebels replied no less vigorously, and the shot and shell plunged wildly over the fields. Just as we halted in our position poor Corporal M., on the left of my company, was knocked flat upon the earth by a cannon-shot, which nearly severed his leg from his body. He was quickly borne to the rear, and was never more seen by his comrades. Soon another was struck, and the regiment slightly shifted its position. An order was then given to call the rolls, and amid the roar of artillery and the shrieking of shells each man gave his unfaltering answer, "*here*." This little incident struck me at the time as being sublime, so firm and decided were the answers of the men, so calm and resolute were their countenances. Alas! how soon many of those manly forms were stretched upon the turf, their tongues forever silenced, but their faces to the foe!

The enemy's masses could be plainly perceived performing their evolutions along the slope of the chain of hills that skirted the western border of the landscape. The columns of the 1st Corps appeared on our left front moving grandly up to the attack. Soon as the combatants neared each other the random shots cracked spitefully, and were quickly fol-

lowed by crashing volleys. In a few minutes the rebels, who had yielded at the first onset, were seen running to the rear like frightened sheep. A loud cheer followed this success, and officers who watched the movement through their glasses declared that we were getting along swimmingly. But the enemy had strong reserves, and soon rallied. In fact, it began to be suspected that we were being dallied with by a greatly-superior force with the design of decoying our left wing beyond supporting distance, while our right might be in the mean time circumvented and overwhelmed. This scheme, if successful, would not only have effected the overthrow of our little army, but the loss to us of the key-point of the whole field, Cemetery Hill. These impressions were soon confirmed by a report from the Captain of the skirmishers on our right front that the enemy, in heavy masses, was endeavoring to turn our right flank. The nature of the ground favored this design, the woods and ravines upon that flank thoroughly masking the movement. It was soon evident that our brigade commander comprehended this new and dangerous situation of affairs. His face grew pale and distressed. Indeed, it was apparent to every mind that a great crisis had come, that the enemy must be met at once, and that he must be met half-way and in the open plain. Accordingly our brigade was ordered to change front, which was done in splendid style, the regiments moving in double columns. A general advance of the line through the open fields now began. The fences obstructing the march the soldiers were directed to "take hold" of them, and in a twinkling they were leveled with the ground. The enemy's batteries completely swept the plain from two or three different directions. The shells and shot howled, shrieked, and plunged through the air like infuriate demons. There was no shelter, not even a stump or tree. Grandly the line swept on in almost perfect order. Now a huge iron nugget plowed its way through the living mass, leaving in its track eight poor fellows torn and bleeding. The dull, deadly "thug" and a submissive groan or two are all that is heard, the gaps are closed, and the heroes of the Peninsula and the Rappahannock move forward with a steadiness worthy of Napoleon's Old Guard. Again and again the jagged fragments of iron sweep destructively through the ranks, but there is no wavering, no backs are turned to the foe. For my own part I remember feeling a little breathless, but otherwise, except that my mind was absorbed with the duties of the hour, I can not now recall

any peculiar thought or sensation. I remember that some missile struck the ground near me, throwing the dirt up into my face, and that, feeling a slight blow against one of my boot-tops, I looked down and saw the print of a bullet in the leather. But these circumstances merely gained my attention without much affecting my nerves. Somehow, though my mind fully comprehended the danger, yet its attention was so wholly absorbed in the exciting events then transpiring as to be almost heedless of the peril. I believe the incident which most affected me was seeing a stalwart young soldier fall dead within a few feet of me in the earlier part of the movement. This, though it shocked me at the time, was soon forgotten, and lost its effect.

The gray lines of rebels now began to be unmasked from the ravine and to push steadily up to the level surface of the plain. They were a part of Ewell's, formerly Jackson's, Corps, which we had met in many a previous combat. Being the flower of the rebel army, their movements were firm and steady, reflecting credit upon their valor and discipline. Their crimson banners, surmounted by the blue cross containing the cabalistic stars of treason, floated saucily in the air, and seemed to challenge combat. On they came, one line after another in confident array. Up to this time our regiment had fired scarcely a shot, but now it steadily deployed, and the men were ordered to "let them have it." Quick as thought the bullets swept by, and one after another strong man toppled over and stretched motionless upon the green turf. Each instant some one fell or went to the rear wounded. The combatants approached each other till they were hardly seventy-five yards apart. No obstacle intervened to shelter or hinder either party. The firing grew terrific. Both parties fought with the obstinacy of desperation. The ground became strewed with muskets, knapsacks, haversacks, and other articles, together with the bodies of the wounded and the dead. It seemed that not a man could survive the withering leaden storm except by miracle. The line became dreadfully thinned, yet there were no reserves at hand. Many of the dampened muskets could not be discharged, and the excited soldier rammed in load upon load. Fiercer and faster came the pitiless volleys, gathering momentum from the closing masses of the enemy. It was impossible to maintain the ground against such odds. The thinned and broken line was ordered to fall back toward the town.

The enemy was too much crippled to charge,

but managed to maintain a severe fire, to which our troops, being somewhat disordered and falling back, replied but feebly. Forgetful that upon my belt I had a revolver with five good loads in it, I picked up a musket and asked a soldier for a cartridge. He gave me one, remarking as he did so that he did not think it would "go," as his ammunition had been dampened by the rain. My next impulse was to try and load the musket and get one parting shot at the enemy. Soon a brave young fellow dropped close by me. "O, help me!" he cried. Giving him my hand he struggled to rise, but could not. He sank back again, and with a look of unutterable despair exclaimed, "O, I'm gone, just leave me here." The un pitying bullets came fiercer and faster, reaping a rich harvest of death, and drenching the green sward with crimson. Success seemed to intoxicate the merciless foe, and he followed with infuriate yells. It was not long till I, too, felt the sting of a bullet and fell benumbed with pain. It was a sudden, a singular metamorphosis from strength and vigor to utter helplessness. Calling to the nearest man for assistance, he answered by a convulsive grasp at the spot where a bullet at that moment struck him. He passed on, limping as he went, and in a few moments more the last blue blouse had disappeared and the field was alive with hooting rebels. The cannonading was yet active, and the unexploded shells ricocheted in death-dances across the plain. The influence of pain was not sufficient to entirely dispel a wounded man's anxiety in regard to their unwholesome pranks. But there was no alternative but to lie still and take the chances.

The musketry firing having slackened, the enemy's line of battle advanced in fine style, preceded at a few paces by skirmishers. The crimson flags floated in the air more saucily than ever, and the entire rebel *personnel* breathed the language of impertinence. A wounded soldier who lay near me, rising upon his elbow to ease his pain, a burly monster dressed in gray hurled at him a volley of loathsome curses. With his musket at a ready the brute ordered him to lie down at once or he would shoot him dead. The helpless soldier obeyed the inhuman mandate and sank back upon the turf, where a few hours afterward his brave and noble spirit left its mangled clay.

The line of rebel skirmishers now passed me, and I was within the hated dominion of traitors. One of them, a young fellow whose countenance betokened mildness, approached. He had picked up the sword of one of our dis-

abled officers and carried it swinging to the belt, which was thrown over his neck. To the inquiry whether the wounded would be molested by his companions in arms he replied, "No, you need not be afraid. Ten minutes ago I myself would have shot you in a minute, but now a prisoner you will not be disturbed. Have you any arms?" "Yes, a revolver." "Well, I must take that," and so saying, he stripped it from the belt and went on.

The rebel infantry now faced by their right flank and moved off in that direction. I rejoiced at this, for I now felt at liberty to look about me. The whole field was strewn with the prostrate forms of men. Almost my first glance discovered a few yards from me a well-known face. It was that of Lieutenant B., our Adjutant. I was greatly shocked, for he had been my intimate friend and companion. "Is that indeed you, Lieutenant?" He gave me a look expressive at once of recognition and of dreadful agony. Hitherto my own sufferings had absorbed my attention. I scarcely knew the extent of my injuries, and judged of them only by the severity of my pain. A violent cramp like that of a cholera, seemed to be stealing through my muscular system, and a profuse perspiration broke out over the entire surface of my body, accompanied by a feverish thirst. To this was added the heat of the July sun, which now caused a rapid exhalation from the damp ground. My clothing thus became completely saturated with moisture, which in a short time actually began to ferment. My condition thus became very unpleasant, but since my sympathies had been enlisted in behalf of my friend, I bethought myself to bear my own discomfort patiently.

I was on the point of making further inquiries of him when I was interrupted by a rebel battery, which came up at a brisk canter, wheeled into position, and unlimbered its guns upon the ground where we lay. They seemed about to commence firing upon the town, through which our troops were yet retreating. Some of the artillerymen, having noticed me and observed the danger I was in of being trampled by the horses attached to the caissons, two of them very gently removed me to a place of greater safety. Resting with my arms upon the broad shoulders of these men and listening to their rough words of sympathy, I could not but feel that they were after all not only my fellow-men, but fellow-countrymen, and wonder how it is that merely artificial differences of opinion could ever array us as deadly enemies to each other. They next brought poor Lieutenant B. and laid him close

by me. He had received two or three frightful wounds, and his sufferings were indescribable. "O, this is terrible, terrible!" he groaned. The rebel artillerymen spoke sympathizingly to him, and their bronzed faces evinced sincere compassion. They endeavored to arrange for him an easy posture, but in vain, all were alike painful. They gave him water to quench his feverish thirst, but it only served as an emetic. Singularly thoughtful, they brought a Testament which some soldier had dropped upon the field. He opened it and tried to read, but the distracting torment of his wounds would not permit. "O, I can not!" said he despondingly, and the book fell at his side.

It was now five o'clock, P. M. The artillerymen were summoned away, and the columns of the rebel infantry quietly filed off to their different stations in front of Gettysburg. Our troops having taken position on Cemetery Hill, the enemy chose to postpone his assault. A comparative calm settled over the field where the whirlwind of battle had so lately arisen and spent itself. Save the ceaseless moaning of the wounded mingled with their frantic cries for water and assistance, there was little to disturb the stillness of the evening air. Here and there a rebel soldier sauntered around, either from curiosity or in quest of plunder, or, perhaps, occasionally one, more humane, cooling feverish lips with water from his canteen, and saying, with looks of pity, how sorry he was that "you ones were all out here against us this way."

A rebel cavalryman now rode up to where we lay. He was a young man of benevolent expression, and was clad in the usual coarse gray homespun. He immediately interested himself in our behalf, and made many anxious inquiries in regard to our wounds and sufferings. He kindly offered to do all in his power to promote our comfort, and expressed his regret that his resources were so limited. "I will get you a surgeon or an ambulance," said he, "if I can." He then cantered away on this errand, but soon returned and reported himself unsuccessful. He now directed some negroes, whose sooty faces had long betokened sincere though unexpressed sympathy, to go and gather from the debris of the battle such articles as might improve our comfort. He then personally attended to such of our wants as he could alleviate, and spoke to us kindly words of encouragement. I could not have expected more faithful attention from my own comrades in arms. Lieutenant B. seemed to have not a moment's respite from his excruciating agony. He begged piteously that some

surgeon would come and do something, *any thing* that might ease him of his dreadful pain. The clammy dews were upon him, and he was now plainly sinking. "I shall die," said he, "and O, that I might die to escape this misery!" The cavalryman, evidently meaning only kindness, stooped over him and expressed sorrow that he had thus unfortunately immolated himself for an unjust cause. But in words mildly reproachful, and with a heroism stronger than death, he spurned such sympathy. The westering sun neared the verge of the horizon. The clouds that hung about its disc were magnificently tinged with golden light. Up through their brilliant volumes seemed to reach a gorgeous vista, to whose end the human eye could not pierce, but which seemed to die away in serene splendor. It was not hard to fancy that it was the shining road along which the souls of heroes were ascending from the bitter cross of the battle-field to the crown of glory and infinite peace. The soft light fell upon the feverish brow of Lieutenant B. It was as if a pitying angel's hand were supplying the gentle baptism of an absent mother's. "O, that I could look upon that once more!" he said; and the cavalryman bolstered him with a knapsack so that he might gaze upon the sweet pageant of nature whose vanishing beauty too truly symbolized his swiftly-ebbing life. He caught one glimpse and only a glimpse, for the posture was too painful, and he sank back again upon the ground. Bending over him again the pitying rebel asked, "Is there any thing that I can do for you? I will do any thing in my power." The dying man sighing a negative, he pressed the further inquiry, "Is there any message or any article that you wish me to deliver to your friends? If there is I will cheerfully attend to it at my first opportunity." "Yes," said he, "here is my watch; send it to ——" The cavalryman took the name and address and repeated his promise faithfully to perform this dying injunction. The sun dropped behind the hills, and Lieutenant B. departed with the day. He lay beside me calm and still—he was dead.

The cavalryman now volunteered to do what he could to have me removed from the field, and then rode away, leaving me alone. I felt but little confidence in his success, and endeavored to compose myself to the idea of remaining where I was till morning. Over the dreadful scene Night soon drew her curtain, through which the stars looked dimly down like eyes of angels full of tears. Quiet pervaded the sanguinary field, disturbed only by the moaning supplications of unattended and

friendless sufferers. The shadowy forms of the plunderers glided about like phantoms amid the wreck of the battle. A sepulchral gloom curtained the damp, uneasy couches of the wounded and shrouded the ghastly, upturned faces of the dead. But the pulseless form at my side recalled my mind from other features of the impressive scene. I thought of the far-off New England home, of which I had heard those mute lips speak so tenderly. I thought of the fond hearts there that would sigh in vain for the return of that pallid face with its wonted beaming at the home threshold. My fancy portrayed their grief at his loss, and heard them envy me my poor privilege. I grieved to think how inadequately I had supplied their places in his dying moments. Yet his fate needed not to be mourned by them or me. Rather might we envy it. He was "freedom's now, and fame's," nor needed he aught of earth's stupid pageantry to make him glorious as he lay, silent and painless, on his soldier's bier, with the night dews and me for his only weepers.

Thus meditating I fell into a sort of dull, unconscious stupor, from which I was finally aroused by the familiar voice of the cavalryman. "I have brought you a surgeon," said he, as he drew from my face a damp tent-cloth which his own kind hand had spread over me. "He is one of your own men who was left in town," he added, as I looked up and observed the dark uniform of the stranger. Sure enough there was a Union surgeon, and I marveled at the kindness that had brought him to me. He examined my wound and pronounced it severe but not very dangerous. The bandages were soon applied, and the kind doctor hurried away to attend to others. "Now," said the cavalryman, "here comes a wagon to convey you to a house up in town, where I have had comfortable quarters prepared for you." He had hardly finished speaking when a light vehicle drawn by some citizens made its appearance near by me. At the instance of my benefactor I was gently lifted into it and placed in a comfortable position. "Now," said the cavalryman, "before you go I want to say to you that it may be my fortune some day to fall into your hands as you have fallen into mine. I have done to you as I would have you do to me under like circumstances." My heart swelled at this speech, so that my tongue stammered as I tried to say, "I assure you, my dear friend, of my most earnest and unbounded gratitude. I shall cherish the memory of you and your kindness to the end of life." So manly and intelligent had been

his bearing that I supposed him to be an officer, and inquired, "Are you not a captain?" "No," he replied, "I am a private, and my name is James Marks. I am from Lynchburg, Virginia." They now drew the wagon away and I saw my friend no more. The vehicle soon afterward halted a moment by a camp-fire, where some soldiers were conversing about the campaign. Said one, "I was surprised to see how the Yankees have devastated the Shenandoah Valley. Most of the houses were burned, and for miles I could not see a fence. But then we'll pay them for this before we get out of Pennsylvania." "O, no we won't," said a familiar voice. It was that of the cavalryman. The wagon now proceeded, and in half an hour brought up in front of a fine brick mansion in the suburbs of Gettysburg. The house was already crowded with wounded men, but there was still one vacant mattress, and on that I was placed. I glanced about the apartment, the floor of which was crowded with mangled forms, and blessed God that he had been so good to me. Soon a neat, matronly lady entered. Her whole mind seemed absorbed in caring for the sufferers whom the fortunes of war had thus cast upon her charity. The good woman soon observed me, and hastened to minister to my immediate wants. While she was yet attending to me the rebel General Ewell hobbled through the hall. He walked upon crutches, and was attended by his staff. They had come here for supper. I pitied my newly-found friend as she hurried to attend to this additional tax upon her generosity. At a late hour the General left the mansion and sought his quarters elsewhere.

At the dawn of the following morning the dread thunder of war broke out afresh. The main body of our army had come up during the night, and was put in position, joining with the two corps which had borne the brunt of the previous day's battle. The mingled musketry and artillery steadily increased in volume throughout the forenoon. Not, however, till toward evening did the storm of battle culminate in its highest fury. At this time the enemy attempted several desperate assaults upon our position, all of which were repulsed. The volleying musketry continued till long after darkness had again settled over the scene. Indeed, though it slackened it did not cease at all during the night. We listened to it anxiously upon our uneasy couches, and judged of the fortunes of the day only by the sound of the firing. As it rarely seemed to recede, we thence concluded that our troops had at least maintained their ground. From the rebel

soldiery we could get no definite information in regard to the fight. They told us, however, that a combined attack made by Johnston and Pemberton upon Grant had succeeded in driving the latter from his position in front of Vicksburg with a Union loss of ten thousand men. Such, they said, were their dispatches, and they seemed to believe them.

On the 3d occurred the crisis of the great struggle. At one o'clock, P. M., the enemy opened upon our lines with over one hundred pieces of artillery. These were replied to by an almost equal number, and the earth trembled with the concussion of this grand artillery duel. The air was filled with the shrieking, bursting missiles, and the very gates of pandemonium seemed to have been suddenly opened. Under cover of this furious fire of artillery Longstreet plunged forward his solid masses in one frantic, desperate effort to carry Cemetery Hill. The story of this fearful assault and its bloody repulse has been often told, and I need not repeat it. It was the final effort of the enemy, and it failed: Henceforward he thought only of retreat. Toward evening the firing lulled and finally ceased, as though the demon of slaughter had been sated. Silence brooded over the gory field, now strewn with the bodies of thirty thousand dead and wounded men. A rebel soldier, who had been slightly injured in the battle, came limping to my bedside, and, sitting down, began conversation. "I am tired of this," said he. "We 'uns may be wrong, but I *hope* we are not. At any rate, I wish the war was over." He then proceeded to tell me how he had been coaxed, cajoled, and dragged into the rebel service, and explained to me the hardships and dangers he had passed in serving a cause for which he had at best only a forced sympathy. I endeavored to encourage him in his dissatisfaction with rebellious ways, and thus occupied the time till a late hour. He then limped away again, saying as he left me that he must rejoin his command, for on the morrow he expected the fight to take place which would decide this battle. He did not know—nor did I—that the rebel army was already precipitately retreating.

Early on the morning of July 4th my friend, Mrs. S., came into my room, her face beaming with joy and her whole frame agitated with delightful emotion. "The rebels are every one gone," she exclaimed. "I heard them moving all night, and I thought something was up. Ah, they knew better than to stay another day, for they would have got their deserts," said she in highly-keyed accents of joy. The

good old lady seemed to have been verily rejuvenated, yet I am sure her heart had not been made more glad than mine. Soon after this the ambulance train of our corps appeared in the street, and there again were the dear blue uniforms, from which I seemed to have been separated for an age. They came with peremptory orders to remove us to the field hospital, and I was thus suddenly compelled to leave a place for which I had formed an attachment like that for my home. A few days afterward, while reclining among hundreds of wounded men in a Pennsylvania barn, I was once more surprised by the joyous, motherly face of Mrs. S. "I have hunted you up," said she, "for I knew you needed help." Thereupon she unfolded to my vision a fabulous quantity of dainties, reserving, however, an ample store, which she proceeded to dispense to my suffering comrades. Having completed her task, the good lady once more bade me a lingering farewell, and I did not see her benevolent features again. Yet they are indelibly fixed in my memory, and beside those of one other, even an enemy to my country, they shall remain there forever.

RESOLVE.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

It is not easy for the heart
To check its fervid glow;
Backward within its deep-cut banks
To turn the river's flow
Would be a task less difficult,
A lighter toil, and yet
Resolve at last will triumph, though
Love may not quite forget.
A little less of human trust
My soul will wear, 't is true;
A little more of cold, stern strength
To suffer and to do,
And I shall feel at times beneath
My feet the lurking thorn,
And see again thy bearded lip
Curled with a passing scorn.
Ah, well, let haunting Memory sweep
My pulses if she will,
Her weird-like touch can only wake
A momentary thrill;
A faint, reverberant sound along
The dumb, tense threads may steal,
But, though my heart may wear the scar
Through life, the wound will heal.
Take back the gifts, the tender look,
The words so falsely spoken;
My flexile spirit may be bent—
Thank Heaven, it is not broken'

LOVING THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH, A. M.

ALL kinds of human hearts are loving the beautiful. There is no æsthetic aristocracy. Even bad men are solaced by music, poetry, and flowers. The sweet influences of nature and art often fail to cherish a nobler life. The tyrant sways his cruel scepter amid the gorgeous beauty of the tropics. Scenes of blood are enacted under grand old forest-trees that stand as monuments of God's majesty; and the violets and lilies beneath are stained with human gore. Selfishness, clad in silk and velvet, lolls lazily in courts resplendent with the choicest creations of art. The calm eternal depths of Italian skies are gazed into by the stern eye of malignant wickedness. Mont Blanc, crowned with its diadem of snow, looms up in solemn grandeur, where superstition warps the soul and stolid ignorance has its home. Old castles, clothed with ivy and rich in historic interest; Gothic cathedrals in which swelling orchestras send out symphonies almost celestial—now raising the spirit gently on downy wings of sound, and now tossing it with a tempest of clashing, bursting harmonies; spires that reach heavenward and exult in ethereal blue, seeming like crystallized fountains of spray—whose interminable heights and wondrous net-work of devices mingle with the fleecy drapery of clouds that float around them—stand up in their wealth of beauty before men of terrible moral deformity, who admire, but learn no lesson of truth and loveliness.

On the other hand there are some, not wanting in moral principle, who have but a faint appreciation of the beautiful. There is brother Honesty Grum, the hard-working farmer, who when asked his opinion of a bouquet, replied that he left such things "to the women;" he advises his wife to have the flower-beds sown with turnip seed; he never bought a picture in his life, except the portrait of Washington, and never read a poem outside the hymn-book; but he is warmly attached to his Church, and is ready for every good work. Kind old aunt Mary, when shown a fine copy of Raphael's "Madonna de San Sisto," pronounced it "a rather pretty picture;" when taken to a concert where the best American performers gave to a delighted audience Handel's "Messiah," she considered it a creditable affair, though her favorite tune of "Old Hundred" was strangely omitted: she cares not for the hazy landscape of hill-top and meadow, lake and forest, flooded with the iris hues of a Summer twilight; yet the

dear old soul of simple tastes and kindly sympathies is an angel of mercy wherever sickness or misfortune has visited the homes of her neighbors. Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" was no admirer of nature;

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more;"

yet there was a chord of tenderness in his soul which when touched yielded the soft strains of human kindness. There are men who "have not music in themselves," who yet are *not* "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." The history of mankind furnishes many exceptions to the theory of the immortal bard. Many a heart which never "leaps up" at beholding

"A rainbow in the sky,"

is nevertheless rich in aspirations for goodness, and quick to feel for another's woe.

Has, then, beauty no moral influence over the human soul? An eminent lecturer recently remarked, "The masses must be educated up to the appreciation of beauty, but beauty is not itself an educator; it is the *reward* of culture." If this be so, then the fair face of nature is designed only for the gratification, and not the improvement, of mankind. So also one of the strongest instincts of the human heart is to be looked upon only as a desire for a certain element of happiness—as children love toys, and as the brute loves ease and sport, so the human mind, in its noblest refinement and power, loves beauty. According to this there is nothing godlike either in the creation or appreciation of beautiful objects. The inventor of an ingenious piece of mechanism may then be classed with Mozart and Michael Angelo. That ancient sculptor who, having put the last touch upon his statue, stood off with pride and said, "Now speak"—Haydn, in old age, in the midst of those wondrous harmonies himself had called forth, appearing with tearful eyes upon the stage and exclaiming, "Not from me, but from Thee does all this come!"—Milton from the mount of poetic prospect surveying paradise—Bunyan dreaming in Bedford jail—old Homer, and Pindar—such as these, whom, if we were Polytheists, we would place among the gods, were only the *amusers* of their race, instead of heaven-sent apostles to exalt and bless mankind. No; we claim for beauty a holier mission than this.

That which is so much *like* goodness, must possess somewhat of the *influence* of goodness. We hear of the "beauty of holiness" and the "beauty of the Lord," Christ was "altogether

lovely," all Christian graces are lovely and beautiful. Some mistake æsthetics for religion, so near are they alike. The ancient Athenians almost worshiped beauty. They set it apart as a sacred thing for the use of their temples, and those buildings which reflected glory upon their country, but scarcely dared to take it to their dwellings. So in these modern times there are those who stand with rapt gaze before some glorious production of art as though they were in the presence of something divine. May we not say there is somewhat of divinity not only in art, which gathers its inspiration from nature, but also in man's insatiable longing for the beautiful? For, as some one remarks, "man has in him *something of God and all of eternity*." Bayard Taylor describes the feelings of a lover of nature, like himself, when in presence of the Alps with their untrodden summits, and foundations "deep in the undiscovered heart of the world." Generations have looked up to their dizzy heights; ages have broken like the waves of a mighty sea against them. There the earliest beam of morning glows "like a glorious thought," and the last ray of sunset lingers. There the tempest and the avalanche "shout aloud to the chainless skies," and the voices of great deeds and holy inspirations seem wafted to the world below. When the twilight comes on and "a stillness more eloquent than music" settles down on sea, and shore, and purple mountain height, then "a silent, intense poetry stirs the soul through all its impassioned depths, and the eyes fill with blissful tears, and the heart overflows with its own bright fancies." The poet Herbert felt the same rich sentiment, when, it may be surrounded by the glory of a sunny landscape in Summer, he wrote,

"Sweet day! so calm, so pure, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

Nature abounds in scenes that inspire such feelings in a poetic mind; so that dull earth is tinged with the heavenly hues of poetry, and upon the leaden sky of every-day life are flung the rainbow colors of romance. Such was the scene when "Lorenzo" said to "Jessica,"

"How sweetly sleeps the moonlight on this bank!"

So Gerald Massey, with his poet soul, caught the feeling when

"The birds were darkling in their nest,
Or bosomed in voluptuous trees;"

and the panting breeze on beds of flowers

"Had kissed its fill and sunk to rest."

To one who "in the love of nature" receives the gentle influences of natural beauty

"The meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

On the contrary,

"The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the leaves;
Who has no inward beauty none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful."

From physical to *moral* beauty the transition is easy and natural. Though there are many exceptions to the rule, yet, in general, the individual who loves flowers has at least a latent love for goodness. The close connection between the two sentiments is illustrated by that fine saying of a German philosopher, "I do love God and *little children*." Christ admired "the lilies of the field," and took children in his arms and blessed them. The New Jerusalem is described as beyond conception beautiful. Watts, it is said, wrote his well-known hymn on "the land of pure delight" by the inspiration of a lovely landscape spread out before him. And that heaven of holy thoughts and sweet affections, realized on earth, finds its most fitting emblem and counterpart in all that is lovely below, called into being by the skill of the Creator and the genius of human art. The virtues of humanity—

"The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life"—

these belong to that world of poetic sentiment and purest Christianity which in its bounds includes both earth and heaven. There is nothing purer than *love*, yet nothing is more æsthetic. The "Irish Emigrant" recalls "the bright May morn" in connection with his early love. "Mary in heaven" is remembered as walking on the flowers that "sprang wanton" at her feet, while "the birds sang love on every spray," and the banks of Ayr toyed with its bright waters. Love is the sweet life-song of which we never tire—the flowers of creation around which tranquil joys and "honeyed hopes" like Summer blossoms spring. There is music in a noble sentiment coming from a virtuous heart; there is celestial beauty in goodness when and wherever found. Such was the rich feeling of poetry in the heart of Burns, who declared the life of Sir William Wallace had poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins which would "boil along them till the floodgates of life were shut in eternal rest." Such was the noble beauty that bloomed in the spirit of a dying soldier, who said, "I—we all

are willing that our bodies should form the bridges and ladders, that the coming thousands may cross and mount, to plant their victorious banners on shattered citadel and conquered wall." Such was the spirit of sublime heroism attained by the lamented President Lincoln. "If I ever," said he, "feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her vicarious oppressors." Patriotism, religion, truth, the spirit of kindness, all are beautiful. The soul in which they have their home is radiant and lovely as a garden of flowers suffused in sunlight. The soul in which they are wanting is cold and bleak in Wintery desolation. Some poor, sad beings have passed from sunny scenes of moral beauty to gloomy surroundings of sin and death; the only world to which their better nature aspired has faded from their sight; Summer is changed to Winter. To see the bare hills, the frozen stream, the bleak forests, "the wild white bees of Winter" filling the darkened air, one might wonder if ever the verdure of June, and the crimson and gold of Autumn, marked the now dismal scene; so we may look upon many a heart,

"And marvel if love were e'er its own;
If the spring of promise brightened, and the summer
of feeling shone!"

Sin, soul-withering and desolating, is associated with deformity and death. But virtue and beauty are the ministering angels of the lower world, scattering joys, and heavenly hopes, and graces transforming along the path of man. Surely these two, the angel of beauty and the angel of virtue, having so many qualities in common, can not be dissimilar in their mission and influence.

The moral influence of beauty may be seen, also, in that it *opens the way* to something nobler than itself. It is the introduction to goodness—the portico of the temple of virtue. But we may be asked, is it not too often the means of alluring to *vice*? Byron speaks of the "soft, voluptuous ways" and "wondrous, fascinating gaze" of the "cherub hydra," molding to every taste his "dear, delusive shape." Sensuality seems to borrow the very charms of purity. Fashion, the handmaid of worldliness, arrays herself in all the loveliness of art. Folly's throng sport in gilded halls, where the hand of genius has lavished the richest adornings; where music soft and sensuous trembles on the air, and charms the soul, and, like a

skillful tempter, touches every chord of unholy passion. It must be admitted that beauty is often perverted to the lowest aims; but in its natural use it leads to God the Creator of all that is lovely and good. For, first of all, it promotes *happiness*; and happiness is promotive of gratitude, good-will, and cheerful obedience to duty. Then, also, it leads to those dispositions and modes of life which tend so much to grace and ennobles humanity. The loveliness of woman softens the stern impulses of man, and throws upon his path a light that seems to fall from heaven. A mother's loving countenance has followed the wanderer in ways of sin, uttering such gentle remonstrances as could not be resisted. The name of wife has been the talisman that has saved many a one from ruin. Two lovers, "in youth's sweet prime," pledge their fidelity, and at the marriage altar, in the family circle, and amid scenes of joy and sorrow through which they journey hand in hand to a peaceful grave, the flower of love keeps blooming in their hearts. Home has a sorcery more potent than the haunts of unholy pleasure. Beauty in nature leads to contemplation, devoutness, adoration of the Deity. Beauty in art reaches down after those spiritual apprehensions, hidden in the soul, which are most ready to appreciate whatever is pure and good. Moreover, it is not by the designs of God, but by the abusive invention of *man*, that any charm of nature or art has been made to contribute to the alluring power of vice. Human passion sanctified by grace would be not unbecoming the bosom of a seraph; so God hath made it lovely; but as well might hell claim the glory of heaven as that vice should claim the attractions which belong to virtue.

But *facts* are the best arguments. Experience proves that flowers, and music, and sentiment are not powerless for good. Their effect may be lost on some minds. Mr. Money Bags, whose soul has been growing less as his purse has been expanding; whose sentimentalism is confined to the admiration he bestows on the polish of a coin or the engraved figures of a greenback—Mrs. Petroleum, who sends to a bookseller for a library of elegantly-bound volumes, and goes herself to an art gallery to purchase paintings for her parlor, selecting those of the brightest colors and the most expensive frames—Miss Prim, also, whose sole ambition is to shine in the "best circles," and who admires Tennyson and Longfellow only because the fashionable Mrs. Gayfeather admires them—such as these might have all the treasures of Dresden and Rome in their houses, and all the

bloom of Eden around them, yet would they never cease to pursue their own little ends. But there are others who, however rude and rugged, carry in their souls a love for the poetry of life. The plowboy hears from the hedge "the linnet pour his throat" and the robin trill his sweet roundelay; or rests with his team at the end of the furrow to look at spreading oak, and towering poplar, and fertile field stretching far away; and the love of nature glides into his heart, grows with his growth, becomes a part of himself. In every temptation to crime the sentimentality of youth rises up and protests. The man of guilt can never forget the sunny hill-side, the flowery meadow, the little babbling brook of his childhood's home; the sweet secluded spot where, with the moonlight peeping through parted foliage and the evening zephyr kissing the flushed brow and toying with golden lock, he held the hand of the maid he loved; or the closet in which his mother kneeled beside him, and with a look of unutterable tenderness taught him to fold his tiny hands and say, "Our Father." A penitent infidel once cried out, "God of my mother, hear me!" The tender plant had been hidden with sod and stones, but at last burst into sunlight again. The peasant, returning from his toil, pauses in the evening twilight to listen to the thrush, or to pluck a dewy violet, or to gaze upon the many-tinted west, and looks through all this glory of nature "up to nature's God." So, from lowly cot to kingly palace, in the wild wilderness and in the city full, the children of humanity are loving the beautiful. Scotia's highland heaths, Albion's historic shores, the vine-clad hills of France, the fair climes of Italy, the wide, free domains of America, are speaking in poetic utterances to the races that inhabit them. The beauty of earth points to the fadeless bloom of paradise. Then let the rose perfume the hut of poverty, and the woodbine climb over the door, and all beautiful things cheer the lot of the toiling millions as well as grace the mission of the few; till the bloom and the song of humanity be like the life of the morning, awakened in the circuit of the sun all around the globe.

"T is always morning somewhere, and along
The awakening continents from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—*Burton.*

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

BY MISS VIRGINIA PENNY.

THE active, restless spirit of Americans is proverbial. Their temperaments, their fast way of living and transacting business, and the poor health induced thereby, will mostly account for it. Their excitability, and their proneness to excess, is to be lamented, and its effects are being seen in the rapid increase of lunatic asylums.

The Americans are too sensitive in being told of their defects. It seems to be an individual and national failure. It reminds one of spoiled children. The Americans are prone to hero-worship, as is evinced by the erection of costly monuments. As a trading people the Americans have become famous. Till the present war the American flag was known and respected in all waters.

The ideas of liberty, with foreigners in our country, are inconsistent and false—their ideas of justice extremely vague and undefined. The independence of American character is favorable to bring about reforms that take place more slowly in older countries, and require the wealth and rank of those countries to indorse.

The readiness of American women to relieve suffering and sympathize with the distressed is well known. American men are generally more self-indulgent than women, because they can better afford it.

The pride and vanity of Americans have become proverbial with foreigners. It has brought about an extravagance that at times has threatened to overturn our Government. It has introduced a fondness for display that is not unfrequently gratified at the expense of all that is good and honorable. I would refer the reader to Mrs. Graves's *Woman in America*, pages 103–105. Wealthy Americans have indulged in luxury to a fearful extent. Their houses are furnished with velvet cushions, tapestry carpets, and French mirrors, and they sink in effeminacy trying to follow in the footsteps of the old aristocratic nations of Europe. The vices of these European nations are likely to be introduced with their refinement. Mr. Sedgewick says in his "Public and Private Economy," "Much finery is made in Paris and in other parts of France principally for our market, in the same way as we buy and make beads, and other trinkets, to send to savage nations." Fashionable ladies in the United States pride themselves on their effeminacy. "The pride manifested by people in reduced circumstances is greater than their ingenuity." But little

pride is attached to learning by those who possess it, yet it is of all prides the most excusable. The American women of the middle classes are charged with being proud and frivolous. We do not know what comparison they bear to those of other countries, but it generally arises from the want of proper home-training, and the fast and extravagant way of living common in the United States.

The fashion of giving frequent and costly entertainments by those not able to afford it is sometimes a source of embarrassment. We think if the German plan of reunions could be adopted in our country it would tend to advance the intellectual and retard the growth of animal appetites.

Dress was given to Adam and Eve in their shame and guilt. It betokened the displeasure of the Almighty. Yet now it is a source of pride to many, and occupies most of their thoughts and time. If their means will admit of it young people should not be restricted in dress so as to feel odd or out of place in any assembly. A feeling of meanness and inferiority follows such restriction, and has bad effects. On the other hand, we would not encourage an extravagant, wasteful, or silly expenditure of time, or money, or dress. But good materials made up in the prevailing style, so as not to render the individual conspicuous in any way, is most desirable.

Few Americans are satisfied with what they acquire. The more they accumulate the more they toil. As a general thing they devote too much time to the acquisition of wealth. The consequence is, men and women are too much estimated by their circumstances, not enough by intrinsic worth. I fear we tread in the footsteps of our ancestors, the English, in permitting wealth to exert so great an influence and command such an ascendancy. Much pride of birth and wealth is felt in American society by those who think they have a claim to precedence so founded. Dissipation and its enervating effects always attend wealth. The minds and hearts of men engrossed in the great struggle for honor and wealth are in danger of neglecting the moral and mental, social and religious training of their children.

The Americans can not tolerate a want of chastity in women. It is well. But why should not as severe and lasting a condemnation rest on men that lack purity? Why may the seducer be received in society when the seduced is forever branded with infamy? The North American Indians are more just. A guilty man is abhorred by them, while a woman is more lightly judged. We think justice would

mete out like penalty when both are equally criminal.

The freedom that exists in our country increases the responsibility of individuals. It calls peremptorily for the acquisition of valuable knowledge. But more particularly does it demand that deep-rooted principles of virtue be implanted in youth, such virtue as will lead them not only to consult their own welfare, but observe strict justice in their intercourse with others. Their government lies almost entirely in self. Therefore let them be trained to govern themselves with firm and positive reins. The happiness of themselves and others will depend on it.

The better class of New Yorkers have a happy mingling of home and foreign life. There has been an amalgamation of elements altogether different in their nature. It has given that vigor of mind and activity of manner that enables people to accomplish much in a short time. With the Philadelphians there is a want of individuality. Fashion has made a tiresome sameness in dress and style of living. But for the Quaker element that prevails there would be a want of freedom in thought, feeling, and action.

There are two kinds of character in most society of civilized countries—positive and negative. The positive are those of strong, determined will, with energy, enterprise, fearlessness, courage, etc. The negative are those possessing patience, meekness, fortitude, submissiveness, and all the tame qualities that belong to a passive mind. The negative usually possess a great deal of cunning and senility, by which they attain their ends as frequently and as fully as the positive. There is a vast number of people that feel, and but a small number that think.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

BULWER.

The Children's Repository.

CHRISTIE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I AM sure it would have made your heart ache to see her, she was such a poor, pale little creature, with a sad, pitiful face and crippled feet, that could not carry about even such a small body as Christie's. She never in all her life had known what fun and frolic were, like you, happy children, who run among the birds and flowers; yet Christie was not usually miserable. She lived in the broad green country, with great meadows of clover, and forests of splendid trees about her home, and on sunshiny days she loved to lie from morning till night on the soft grass, watching the green leaves that fluttered in the wind and the great fleecy clouds that went sweeping across the blue sky like ships at sea. And the trees, and the birds, and the winds all seemed to her to be talking to each other and to her, and so she lay there and listened and smiled softly, and all the time she kept knitting, knitting, for Christie's fingers were never idle. Sometimes when she saw her strong rosy brothers and sisters at work or at play she felt sad to think that all her life she must be nothing but a helpless cripple, but the sorrow never lasted long, for down in Christie's heart something always whispered, "God did it; and he always knows best."

Christie had a troop of brothers and sisters, I can't tell just how many; but among them all she loved her brother Sam the best. He was a stout fellow about sixteen years old, with a brown sunburnt face and great hard hands, but no one ever lifted Christie so gently as he; no one brought her so many treasures of nuts, and berries, and wild flowers; no one else had so many spare minutes to do little comforting things for her as Sam, the oldest and the busiest of them all. He never promised her a ride in her low wagon and then went fishing and forgot all about it, as Joe did; never thought it stupid to sit and read to her when she had her sick days, as Jenny did; never called her a "cry baby," as Matty sometimes did, but was always the same kind, patient, thoughtful brother. Other people wondered sometimes at Sam, but Christie never did, for she knew the secret of it all. Sam had learned the "new commandment" and laid it up in his heart, and every day he was striving to walk by it. It is

a beautiful rule to walk by, and one that makes sunshine all along the way of life. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

One pleasant day in the early Summer Christie was sitting crouched up on the grass under the apple-trees busy as usual with her knitting; but feeling a little sad and lonely, for the children had gone out to gather wild strawberries, and their shouts and laughter had hardly died away across the fields. She was trying to quiet and comfort herself by saying over and over a sweet hymn she had learned; but somehow the lonely feeling would n't go away till Sam came whistling down the yard, with his ax over his shoulder and a small basket in his hand.

"O, Sam," she began sadly, "are you going away too?"

"Over to the pine woods," said Sam, stopping a moment to look at Christie; "I wonder if you could n't go too, you little lonesome chick," and without stopping to say any thing more he turned back into the house.

He came out in a moment bringing Christie's sun-bonnet and drawing her little wooden wagon with him.

"I'm going to take you along with me; mother says so," said Sam, lifting her carefully into the cushions; "you'll be sure to like it out there, it's so sweet and still under the pine-trees, and the wind makes such a strange kind of whisper all the time it always seems to me like Sunday."

Sam swung his ax upon his shoulder, set the little basket in front of the wagon, and Christie found herself riding down the sandy road before she could speak a word to say how glad and happy she was. But Sam knew all about it, and seemed to find a world of pleasure in looking at her smiling face, as he stopped now and then to gather a bunch of flowers for her, or to let her look at some tiny brook that went tumbling over the pebbles by the roadside. It was such a rare thing for Christie to go any where, and she was so full of delight at all the pleasant Summer sights and sounds that Sam hardly once thought of the heavy wagon he was pulling through the sandy hollows and up the little hills, till at last they came to the pine woods and turned into the broad cart-path, all carpeted with dead leaves and spotted here and there with patches of sunshine. They went a long way into the woods, till they came to a place where the trees had been cleared away a little, only in the middle of the clear spot was one great pine, under which the moss was as

soft as velvet, and all sprinkled with the pretty red berries of the partridge vine, looking, as Christie thought, like beads of bright coral. Sam had often brought them home to her, but she had never seen them growing before, and had never imagined any thing so lovely as that charming carpet of green moss, where they nestled half out of sight.

"I am going to leave you here," said Sam, arranging her cushions and fixing her comfortably under the tree; "I shall be so near you can hear my ax, and may be you can see me, and at noon I shall come up and eat my dinner with you. Here is a book I brought for you, and your knitting; do you think you shall be lonesome?"

"No, indeed," said Christie, "I could live here always. I think it is like a fairy palace, only I am more like an ugly dwarf than a fairy."

"You 're a good, contented little soul, and that's better than a fairy," said Sam as he marched away to find a tree that he thought would answer his purpose. Christie watched him a little anxiously. She was not in the least afraid to be alone, she was more used to that than to company, only she thought it would be so pleasant if she could see Sam at his work when she looked up from her book or her knitting. Presently she heard the loud strokes of his ax as they came echoing among the trees, and creeping around to the other side of her pine-tree she found she could see him very well. She was too happy to read, but she could knit without needing her eyes to help her, so while her fingers were busy she was looking up through the pine branches at the clear sky, and listening to the wind, and the songs of the strange wood-birds that she had never heard before, and in her happiness she kept saying over and over a verse that Sam had once repeated to her, "He hath made all things beautiful in their season."

It seemed almost like a song to her at first, but after a while, as she watched Sam's sturdy strokes, and saw the birds darting about, and the shy little squirrels springing up the trees, she somehow got to thinking about herself, poor little lame Christie, and then she wondered why the good God, who made every thing free and beautiful, could not have made her strong and active too, to run, and leap, and be as happy. She knew he could have done it if he had only thought best, and she could not help wondering *why* it was not best. She was rather tired after her long ride, and so as she was thinking and thinking she fell asleep, and she slept so sweetly with the Summer wind fanning her, and the warm sunshine creeping all about her,

that she did not wake till all at once there came a loud rush and roar, and the pine-tree that Sam had been chopping fell to the ground. She started up from her nap, and while she was rubbing her eyes Sam came up and opened the little basket of dinner beside her. He looked warm and tired, but his face was bright and smiling.

"Well, Chris," said he, dividing the dinner with her, "are you tired of your palace by this time?"

"O no," said Christie, "not a bit; I was thinking and thinking and then I went to sleep."

"Thinking about what?" asked Sam, laughing.

"I do n't really know," said Christie soberly, "only at first it was your verse; the one you told me when the apple-trees were in blossom—'He hath made all things beautiful in their season.'"

"Yes," said Sam, looking around him, "I think of that 'most every day; seeing so many pleasant things."

"But, Sam," said Christie, folding her small hands over her knees, "when I was saying it I could not help thinking about myself, and wondered why he could n't just as well have made me beautiful too. I do n't mean beautiful like Mattie, but just well and strong to work and play."

Sam did n't answer her for a few moments. It was just what had troubled him often and often, thinking *why* his little sister should have such trouble laid upon her. And now as he looked at her thin, white hands, and saw how pale and wasted the poor little face was growing, he could not help thinking that however great a cross God had given her to bear she would not have to carry it very long. Then another thought came to him, and at first he could not tell it to Christie, but he knew it would comfort her, as he said gently,

"It says 'all things beautiful *in their season*,' and you know some things have one season and some have another. May be, Christie, your season has n't come yet, like mother's chrysanthemum, that did n't blossom till she took it up from the garden and set it in the house. Then you know how beautiful it was."

"Yes," said Christie, her face fairly glowing at the thought, "and after all it does n't matter much if I am only a poor dead-looking bush here, if the dear Lord will take me up by and by and set me in his garden to blossom. Sometimes I think, Sam, that he will send for me very soon; I should be so glad to go."

"There, there, do n't talk about it any more,"

said Sam, jumping up and knocking the crumbs out of his basket. "I know of a place down the path where there was a big patch of strawberry blossoms, and I'm going to draw you down there and see if we can't find some berries."

So he put Christie in her wagon and they went in search of the strawberries, which they found, to their great delight, were quite plenty, and very delicious.

"Now, Christie," said Sam, "you stay here and pick while I go back and trim that tree a little, so Joe can draw it out to-morrow, and then we'll go home. You can save a few berries in the basket if you like, and we'll leave them for granny Brown as we go by."

It was hard to tell which was the greatest pleasure to Christie, eating the luscious fruit that her own fingers had gathered, or the still rarer enjoyment of feeling that she was doing something for the happiness of another, as she lined her basket with green leaves and saved the finest of her berries for poor bedridden granny Brown.

It was a happy little Christie that Sam found singing among the berries when he came for her to go home, and the memory of that day among the pines helped to brighten many a dark hour afterward.

Even when, in the Autumn, Christie lay paler and weaker than ever on her little bed, slowly dying day by day, she often thought of it, and when Sam brought her the beautiful purple asters and fringed gentian from the meadows, she would whisper softly, "He hath made all things beautiful in their season."

"My season is coming, Sam, up in the garden of the Lord."

And so when all the earth was brown and sear little Christie's life here ended; and though our eyes have never seen her since that day, we know that in the beautiful country where she has gone, there are none lame, and sick, and suffering, but all the inhabitants are like the angels around the throne.

THE STORY OF THE HORSESHOE.

THIS is a simple legend. A good countryman was taking a rural walk with his son, Thomas. As they walked slowly along the father suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he said, "there's a bit of iron—a piece of a horseshoe; pick it up and put it in your pocket."

"Pooh!" answered the child, "it's not worth stooping for."

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village he entered the blacksmith's shop and sold it for three farthings, and with that sum he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again in their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree, nor fountain of water was in sight. Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father let fall a cherry as if by accident. Thomas stooped and quickly picked it up, and devoured it. A little further he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten the father stopped, and turning to the boy said:

"Look, my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries!"

A FABLE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

PADDLE, my lady's lapdog, and Tom, her favorite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy toward each other; but at last they made it up and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom, to make him go farther from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking amiable at him at the same time; and Tom, though he would not give way an inch farther than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstration, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day—not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion—"we fail in showing the reality of our regard for each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Do n't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I do n't know but what it might," said Tom.

"Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and that

being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you"—

"Hush!" said Paddle; "every thing in order. You know, dear, I am older than you. I may say I remember you a kitten; so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom; "I'm ready."

"Well, then. First, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it that I'm obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner you invariably try to take the nicest pieces, which I look upon as indicative. In the third place"—

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop," said Paddle; "I have n't done," and he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked,

"Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle.

"Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place"—

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him; "you must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you, but I have an engagement and can not stop any longer this time."

WANTED—AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

WE lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients, for a physician; religious congregations, for a pastor; parents, for a teacher of their children; and the people, for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsman will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the

world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau, and finally for a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may be well-dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both "honest and industrious?" You may apply for a "good situation"—are you sure that your friends, teachers, acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? O, how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words "can't employ you!" Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor; then will your "calling and election" for places of profit and trust be made sure.

THE BIRDSNEST.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

JUST where the afternoon shadows fall
Of three Lombardy poplars grave and tall,
Is hidden a birdsnest so very small
A baby's hand could cover it all.
A few little sticks, some bits of thread,
A half dozen straws, a snowy shred
Of lamb's wool woven into the rim,
And a feather or two, all bound to the limb
Of a stunted old apple-tree, gnarled and gray,
But beautiful now with the bloom of May.
The orchard is full of a quiet cheer—
There are tufts of violets growing near,
And great gold dandelions, wet with dew,
Dot the grass when the day is new;
There, greenest of green, grows the velvet grass,
And as often as ever the breezes pass,
Like a sudden shower of odorous snow,
The blossoms cover the turf below—
A pretty place you would call it, I know—
And there is the birdsnest—not so high
But your hand could reach it, and in it lie
Three little eggs as blue as the sky.
On the nest sits a bird all day, all night,
Never thinking of flying away.
She sees the brown bees go humming by,
And the gay, bright butterflies soaring high,
While her mate sits chirruping, full of cheer,
On the topmost bough of the poplar near.
And often, and often she hears the whir
Of the blue-bird's wings, yet she will not stir;
And there she will sit till the smooth shells break,
And the downy birdlings out of them wake
Ah, then what joy there will be in the nest!
And when the time comes I will tell you the rest

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—Bare Arms.—It is not only a blunder but a sin to let children go with bare arms. A baby's arms need as much protection as its body. If it be delicate, the hands should also be covered. They require it as much as the feet. This would be the case with adults, only that they place their feet on the wet, cold ground. When they take to walking on their hands, and carrying their feet up, they will be obliged to wear the strong boots on the hands, and may wear the kid gloves on the feet. As the baby has both feet and hands in the mother's lap, there is as good reason for protecting one as the other.

In the Winter it is quite common for babies to wear little fancy knit sacks, with long sleeves. These are not only ornamental but useful. During the cool Summer mornings and evenings they should be worn. Too much care can not be used in protecting a child's arms and shoulders. If the mother desires to exhibit her darling's beautiful skin let her cut out a bit of the dress upon its chest. When the neighbors come in, let her show the skin thus exposed to the company. This is so near the furnace of the body it has no chance to get cold; but in the case of the arms and legs the blood has to make a long journey before it can return to the chest for a new supply of warmth. These parts, therefore, need special protection. Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame, and put the bulb in a baby's mouth. The mercury will rise to 98. On a cool evening place the same bulb in its little hand and press the tiny fingers about it. If its arms be naked, the mercury will sink to 60 or less. All the blood which has to make its way through the diminutive and tortuous vessels of those cold arms must become as cold as the arms and hands themselves. And as the cold currents of blood come from both arms back into the vital organs, they play the mischief there.

If you would save a child from croup, pneumonia, and a score of other grave affections, keep its arms warm. Thick woolen sleeves, which fit the little dimpled arms down to the hands at least, constitute the true expedient.

Where should the infant sleep?—Never in bed between the parents. Though there are several objections, I will mention but one. It must, when thus placed, constantly inhale the poisonous emanations from the bodies of two adults.

It should sleep by the side of the mother's bed in a crib. The best bed at all seasons of the year is one of oat straw. This is light and soft. It is better than hair, because the straw can often be changed and the tick washed. In cold weather a thick woolen blanket

should be doubled and spread over the straw bed to increase the warmth. For covering the little sleeper, woolen blankets should alone be used. These blankets should be often washed.

Pillows.—The pillow as well as the bed should be of straw. A large proportion of children die of some disease of the head. When the death is supposed to be caused by dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause is an affection of the brain, supervening upon bowel disease. The heads of American children are for the most part little furnaces! Much mischief comes from keeping them buried in feather pillows twenty hours out of twenty-four.

During the many years I practiced medicine, I am sure I saw scores of babies die of brain maladies, who would have recovered if their brains had not been baked in feather pillows.

Cradles.—Do not use the old-fashioned cradle. The emanations from the sleeper's lungs and skin should be allowed to escape freely. This is impossible in a close, deep cradle. The crib, with the skeleton sides, is just the thing.

Changing the clothes.—Children should not wear the same garment next the skin at night which they have worn through the day. If the night-gown is worn more than one night without going to the wash-room, it should be hung up to be thoroughly aired during the day, and if possible in the sun. The clothes which have been worn during the day, if to be worn the day following, should be hung during the night where they may be well aired.

Rocking.—Do not rock them in cradle, crib, or chair. The motion is an unhealthy one. Try it! Rock yourself half an hour without interruption, and see how your head feels! I am glad rockers are going out of fashion. They have truly been a source of injury to thousands of children.

Riding backward.—When taking them out in the little wagon, do not push them backward. Half the grown persons who go in the cars can't ride backward without dizziness of head. A still larger proportion can't ride backward in a carriage.

I have often noticed the pretty little passengers, as they were being jolted along backward, off one curbstone, and up another, turning their eyes this way and that in a manner which plainly showed their bewilderment.

The only avenue to their souls which is fairly opened is that through the eyes. Pray, do not set that one all topsy-turvy.

Trotting.—And do not churn its brains by trotting it on your knee, or throwing it up and down in your

hands. None but a first-class circus tumbler could stand such treatment. How many fatal head diseases have originated in this common practice of the nursery can never be known; but I am certain the number must have been very large, and that myriads have been mischievously affected who have not died.

Light.—A baby can no more flourish in the dark than a flower. Like the flower, it needs sunshine, and should, like it, have the direct rays from the sun. Do not fear its eyes will be injured if the sun shine in its face; and when you take it out to ride, unless the sun is coming down very strong, do not cover up its face with the carriage-top.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.—While we make it a daily duty to get at least an hour or two of outdoor sunshine, and failing, think it an important loss to health and length of life, let us all aim to create an indoor sunshine of the heart and health, by a systematic determination to exercise toward every member of the household the fullest measure of all that is forbearing, thoughtful, affectionate, generous, and lovely. Let every thing that has the most distant resemblance to a contemptible whine, to a devilish fault-finding, to a brutish boorishness, and to a narrow-minded and degraded selfishness, be considered as emanations from the pit of darkness, where fiends and furies dwell; then shall light be in every dwelling; cheerfulness in every face; and the twinkle of gladness in every eye; while every heart overflows with a joy so pure, that even angels might envy its sweetness and bliss. But let not this subject be dismissed without every parent, every child, determining to ask the question daily, with a religious interest, "How shall I act and speak this day, so as to bring the most sunshine to the heart and hearth of this household?" And the fiercest indignation be to the fretful wretch, fit only for a solitary prison on bread and water, or for a strait jacket, nine-tenths of whose waking existence is spent in bringing clouds in upon an otherwise happy household, by complaining and fault-finders, and bitterness and repinings, which none but the low-born and the vicious delight to indulge in; to whom it is as natural to snap and growl as the ugliest cur over his meager bone.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HINT TO MOTHERS: SPEAK LOW.—I know some houses well-built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding till she has been sent into the country to improve her habits.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bidden, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the

mother or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low.

It will be a great help to you even to try to be patient and cheerful, even if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they only make them ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

MINUTE MISERIES.—Half the miseries of life come from *little torments*. A door sets your teeth on edge, fifty times a day, with its squeaking; or one of your windows, owing to some trifling derangement, risks your breaking a blood-vessel every time you shut it; or a blind drives you mad in the night by its bang, bang, because the "catch" is out of order. Of course a little oil on the door hinge, and a carpenter to the blind and window, would set all right, and of course you *mean to do it*; but, somehow, you are always too busy; or you speak to the carpenter, and for the very same reason that you have neglected it so long, he pays no attention to so trifling a job. And so you keep on losing your temper, week after week, with a wretched procrastinating fatality quite incomprehensible to you, when on some fine, jolly morning, they are all put right. Of course nervous persons suppose they have the greatest accumulation of these petty miseries; and Job seems to their distorted fancy to have made a great fuss about that which was really not worth mentioning beside the afflictions of *modern days*.

THE CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—"There are those balusters all finger-marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I can go?" said George angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go in the parlor for fear I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from the door, to hang about the steps and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

EXPERIENCE is a compass that few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

WITTY AND WISE.

A TIGHT PLACE.—Brother G., in times of revival and protracted meetings, always stepped in and took charge of the singing. He was very fond of that interminable song that began with "Where, O where, is good old Adam?" and might end with the last man. He had passed through the patriarchs and prophets of the olden time, and the disciples and blessed women of the New Testament, when John the Baptist occurred to him. "Where, O where, is John the Baptist? Safe in the promised land. He went up"—Here brother G. was stumbled. He tried it again. "He went up"—but still there was a difficulty in fixing the mode of the Baptist's ascension. At length, with desperate energy, he put it through. "He went up without any head on, safe in the promised land."

OBJECT LESSONS.—Professor G. was giving his little seven-year-old a lesson in object teaching. He gave to the lad first a small round stone, and after asking several descriptive questions, he at length asked what was its color. Tommy promptly replied, "Clay color." "That, my son," said the Professor, "is only the outside color. Break it open and you will see the real color." A hammer was given him, the stone was broken, and Tommy pronounced it "blue." The next object was an egg. Soon the Professor reached the question of color, when down came Tommy's hammer, smashing the egg on the table, when he exclaimed, "White and yellow, papa!"

PUT OUT THE LIGHT.—A correspondent writes: "I think the following illustrates the fact that every soul conscious of wrong-doing 'loves darkness rather than light.' Our Charlie is a merry little elf, brimming with mischief. The other evening his sister succeeded in sobering the merry eyes and in smoothing out the dimples in his face by threatening to 'tell mother' of some of his madcap pranks. I watched the little sober face, and heard the questioning voice plead, 'You put the light out first, sis, me 'shamed.'"

THE TWO LOVES.—A friend of ours, a young lady of New Bedford, was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?" "Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss. "How much?" "Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky." Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed, "But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

Could the distinction between the two loves be more exquisitely drawn?

A TOUCH OF NATURE.—A traveler, near the close of a weary day's drive over a lonely and muddy road, came to a little log-cabin in the forest and asked for a drink. A young woman supplied his wants, and afterward, as she was the first woman he had seen in several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young lady, who had never seen a dime before, looked at it with some curiosity, she asked what she should do with it. He replied, what she chose, as it was hers. "If that's the

case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss." Good girl.

SHE STROOPS TO CONQUER.—A tyrannical husband locked the door against his wife, who was out visiting a neighbor, and when she applied for admittance he pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump in the well if he did not open the door. He had no idea that she would do so, and obstinately insisted that he did not know her, so she took a log and plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made she placed herself by the side of the door, and as soon as the husband darted out in his night-clothes, she darted in, locked the door, and declared that she did not know him. She froze him till he was penitent, and then let him in.

PADDY'S IDEA OF IT.—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks into its mouth which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed, "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead!" "So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

A SAVANT.—The Emperor Napoleon III recently had a quiet evening with a few friends. In the course of conversation he remarked that it was very hard to define *savant*. "I do n't think so," retorted M. Dronyn de L'huy; "I would propose this definition: A *savant* is a man who knows all that the world does n't know, and who is ignorant of what all the world knows."

NEEDED REST.—"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam, you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue! just look at it! look at it! now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

NON-COMMITTAL.—In one of our courts lately, a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, a gray elderly gentleman rose up, and with emphasis said:

"Your honor, he's gone!"

"Gone! gone!" said the judge, "where is he gone?"

"That I can not inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead."

This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

THE DEVIL REPULSED.—Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil came to me and said: 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' 'Stop! stop!' said I, 'one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner; but it is written, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners;' therefore I shall be saved. Now, go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

Scripture Cabinet.

PUBLIC PRAYER IN THE SANCTUARY.—"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior." 1 Timothy ii, 1-3.

It is obvious that public prayers to edify some hundreds of devout persons must be different from those that might be profitable and sufficient for a small social service where several persons are engaged, and where the specific object is the united prayers of the brethren. The Christian minister is so to pray that the people assembled may have their varied desires and supplications with thanksgivings presented to God. And to do this it is obvious

1. *That the prayer must be comprehensive.* Blessings of all kinds, temporal and spiritual, and for persons in various conditions, must obviously be sought. Forgiveness of sin, deprecation of wrath, pleading for mercy, seeking the renewing, sanctifying, and preserving grace of God, with all those spiritual comforts and joys which the Holy Ghost supplieth. So, also, there must be prayers offered for the conversion of the sinner, the arousing of the formalist, the reclamation of the backslider, and the quickening of the supine. Public prayers must also be presented for all ranks and conditions of men—for kings and civil magistrates; for all persons bearing rule and having authority; for those distinguished by rank, or station, or influence. Then the poor, the destitute, and the afflicted must not be forgotten; neither the orphan, nor fatherless, nor the widow. Our prayers must be offered for all in peril or suffering, for all the afflicted and bereaved, for all captives and prisoners, and for all who are sorrowful or desolate.

Prayers must include our respective Churches, with their officers and their fellow-laborers in the Sabbath school, or in the other departments of Christian activity. So, also, we must plead for the peace and prosperity of the universal Church of Christ, and especially for missionaries laboring in spheres of imminent trial and peril. So, too, our prayers must not exclude our country and all its momentous interests; and finally, they must embrace the whole world and all men. Here there is a wide range, a comprehensive series of persons and blessings to be prayed for. Also in public worship

2. *That the prayer must possess various peculiar characteristics.* God must be reverently adored and venerated. His glory must be proclaimed, his wondrous works and ways celebrated, his boundless goodness and mercy acknowledged. How important, too, that not only deserved wrath should be deprecated, but his long-suffering and forbearance acknowledged, and lofty praise and hearty thanksgiving should be associated with the whole! Such prayers should be profoundly reverent, exhibiting no presumptuous familiarity, and using no light or unseemly terms. The

manner and tone of voice, too, must be in harmony with the unworthiness the holiest must feel when in the presence of the Majesty of heaven and earth. Yet all this need not interfere with spiritual confidence and a strong faith and hope resting on the divine promises. How needful, too,

3. *That in our prayers we ever ascend to God through the mediatorship of Jesus!* And it can not be enough cursorily to express this at the end; it must be felt throughout; the whole prayer should go up to God, step by step, through him who is the spiritual "ladder between heaven and earth," and the only way to the Father. His person, his works, his office, his merit must give holy fragrance and spiritual power to every desire presented. Yes, Jesus, the one mediator, must be as the "scarlet thread" running through all our devotional exercises. Also,

4. *That the Spirit's aid must be implored and expected to enable us to pray with acceptance.* He must excite desire, inflame our earnestness, stir up the gift of prayer within us, and lead the soul into enlarged supplication and intercession. He, too, must give the filial tone, the abased mind, and the longing heart. He must give us *holy light*, that our prayers may not be confused and dark; he must give *life*, that our offerings may not be dead and offensive; he must give us *power*, that our supplications may be effective; and he must give *skill*, that we may plead and present the reasons to God which his Word has so richly provided; he must give the *heavenly fire*, that our corruptions may be purged away, and that we may not regard iniquity in our hearts; he must be in us, also, as our *advocate* and the helper of our infirmities.

5. *That the Word of God should supply us with the chief materials for prayer.* Here is a rich and varied store; here are the words of the Holy Ghost, the forms of address which have prevailed with God in by-gone generations. From this Scriptural arsenal our devotional armor may be amply supplied. Here we see how Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Job, and Samuel prayed; how the holy Psalmist presented his numerous petitions and requests to God; how Daniel, and Nehemiah, and the prophets addressed the throne of mercy; how our divine and blessed Savior prayed, and how he has taught us also to pray. Here we have the prayers of apostles and holy saints in the kingdom of Christ. So that, if needful, we might use wholly the very words of Scripture in our public prayers. Not less than all this should characterize our public devotional services.

Do you object to the length of prayers constructed on this model? We reply that all this may be comprised in fifteen minutes, or even less, if the leader of the devotions is not verbose and repetitious; if he has the gift of sententiousness, avoiding a pompous style or mere wordiness of expression. We admit that it may require thought and care, and the formation of a succinct style; but can we bestow attention on any thing more important than glorifying God and edify-

ing our fellow-men? But how often is the devotional part of worship unedifying and profitless! Sometimes *through its wandering unconnectedness*—no union of thought, no consecutiveness of aim, no natural cohesion of idea or sentiment. Some prayers are like a vague medley or fantastic patchwork, where you have every form and color without harmonious adjustment. Prayers are often unedifying *through their sterility*. There is little water in the well, and therefore the utmost labor is required to produce even a moderate supply. The heart must have the desire within, or the mouth can not give them expression *through their wordiness*—a mere heap of unnecessary terms and phrases, with few ideas or distinct aspirations. How wearisome this to the intelligent worshiper! How poor a service to present to the only wise God *through their limitedness*! The prayers of some are nearly all doctrinal forms of speech, of others experimental realizations, while others move in the most contracted circle, leaving out nearly every thing that ought to be specially included.

Some prayers do not edify *because they are homilies or fragments of sermons, and not specifically devotional*. How absurd to give a small outline of doctrines in prayers, or portions of didactic teaching, or theological illustration, or mere poetic embellishment! Many are worse even than this, for some persons do all their scolding to their fellow-men when they are professedly addressing God. Others are profitless because they are *so cold and formal*—no “thoughts that breathe or words that burn.” No, the fire seems to be dying out on the altar; the spirit of devotion is either gone or departing. All is frigid, icy, and therefore chilling and soul-freezing. Prayers may be unedifying *by their prettiness*. The offering of solemn prayer is laid aside, and a sort of devotional bouquet collected and fantastically tied together, and in the self-sufficiency of human vanity laid on the altar of God. How absurd to suppose God can be pleased by such attempts at what are no better than childish follies! But prayers may offend *by their self-elation or boasting*—where there is the absence of deep abasement, the want of self-immolation, and where the avowed suppliant exhibits himself, his learning, his rhetoric, or his high-sounding phrases, which are no better than “sounding brass or tinkling cymbals.” Men who have to lead the devotional service are bound to seek divine qualification for their office and work; to seek both the gift and grace of prayer; to make suitable preparation if they can not depend on their extemporaneous powers.

A more spiritual devotional service is, without question, one of the greatest wants in our public worship, and a want that we should earnestly labor to supply. To be clear, full, comprehensive, earnest, and powerful in public prayer, and to obtain a manner which will evince reverence and deep humility, are among the things immediately connected with our ministerial usefulness and the edification of the body of Christ. No doubt a due regard to the exercises of the closet, with a regular attendance at the family altar, will be great helps; but we should both study and pray, labor and ask of God that the spirit of prayer may copiously rest upon us. How needful the request, “Lord, teach us how to pray!”—*J. Burns, D. D.*

THE INCARNATION ILLUSTRATED BY ANALOGY.—
“*And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*” John i, 14.

But how was God in flesh? As fire is in iron, not by being changed into it, but communicated to it. For the fire does not run forth to the iron, but, remaining in its place, communicates its peculiar virtue, and is not diminished by the communication, although it fills with itself the whole of the object which partakes of it. Thus, then, the Word neither underwent change of place, although he dwelt among us, nor a change of nature, though he became flesh. Neither was heaven left empty of him who fills it, and yet earth received into her bosom the Heavenly One. Dream not of a descent of the Divinity, for he does not migrate from place to place, like beings invested with bodies. Do not imagine that the Divinity is changed into flesh and altered in nature, for he is immutable and immortal.

Is it asked how the Divine Word was not affected with human weakness? We reply, Fire does not take on the properties of the iron heated by it. Iron is black and cold, but when heated assumes the aspect of the fire; it acquires the glow of the fire without darkening the fire; it emits flame without extinguishing that of the fire. In like manner our Lord's flesh was received into union with Divinity without communicating to Divinity its own infirmities. You are not to ascribe to this mortal nature an effect analogous to that of the fire, and imagine that it acts on the Divine, but only that it is acted on by it in accordance with the analogy which, on account of human weakness, you make use of. Nor need you be at a loss to conceive how the incorruptible nature can remain unaffected, having the familiar spectacle before you—for I still keep by the same image—of the fire unconsumed and unaffected by the rust of the iron which is heated by it.

Learn the mystery why God is in the flesh. It is that he may slay death, who lies lurking in human nature. For as poisons lodged in the body are neutralized by introducing antidotes into it, and as the darkness which reigns in the house is dissipated at the entrance of light, so death, which tyrannizes in human nature, vanished at the advent and entrance of Divinity. And as the congelation, which binds in rigidity the particles of water during night, is overcome by the beams of the sun when he has become warm, so death reigned till the appearance of Christ; but when the saving grace of God was revealed, and the Sun of righteousness arose, death was swallowed up in victory. It could not abide the presence of the true light. O, the depth of the goodness and love of God!

THE Bible is a vein of pure gold, unalloyed by quartz or any earthly substance. This is a star without a speck, a sun without a blot, a light without darkness, a moon without its paleness, a glory without a dimness. O, Bible! it can not be said of any other book that it is perfect and pure, but of thee we can declare all wisdom is gathered up in thee, without a particle of folly. This is the judge that ends the strife where wit and wisdom fail.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Terms.

DOMESTIC ECONOMICS OF ANCIENT ATHENS.—The style of living was as unequal as were the degrees of wealth and extravagance. Alexander's table cost for himself and his suite \$1,500 daily, and the miser in Theophrastus allowed his wife but nine mills. The term *opson* embraced every thing but bread; and seven or eight cents were considered a small provision for it. Yet a slave in Terence buys a meal for his old master for two and a half cents; and the lawyer Lysias complains of the guardian who charged for the *opson* of two boys and a little girl the extravagant sum of a New York shilling. The Athenians were very fond of fish; and a great deal of salt-fish was imported from Pontus and even from Cadiz.

The ancient world was ruled by the same human nature as the modern. The Wellington boots of modern days remind us of the Alcibiades boots and the Iphicrates shoes of antiquity. A good cloak might cost one dollar and eighty cents; and a dandy was willing to give three dollars for a coat; evidently, however, from a fashionable tailor. A good pair of woman's shoes cost no more than thirty cents. A very showy pair of men's shoes may have cost one dollar and twenty cents. Ointments were exceedingly expensive. The more precious kinds brought from fifty dollars to one hundred for the gill.

The amount necessary for the maintenance of a family is not easily established. Socrates is supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but, then, his manner of living was inferior to that of the slaves. His coat was old and shabby, and he wore the same garment both Winter and Summer; he went barefoot; his chief food was bread and water; and as he engaged in no kind of business to mend his estate or increase his income, it is not wonderful that his wife scolded often. Demosthenes, his sister, and their mother paid for their board \$105 a year, and provided the house into the bargain. A young man, Mantiheus, could be educated and supported for \$108 annually. The accounts furnish no means of arriving at a definite conclusion. Who would limit at the present day the sum with which it is possible to preserve life?

Death brought heavy expenses in its train. The income of years was lavished upon the expenses of a funeral, which amounted to a sum varying from \$45 to \$1,800.

The working classes received but moderate compensation. The great number of slaves, who came into competition for labor, reduced the price exceedingly. Mere manual labor could be procured for ten cents a day; that seems to have been the lowest rate, and is not lower than the present price of labor in many parts of Europe.

The fares in traveling were very small. From Ægina to the Piræus, a distance of sixteen miles, the fare was but five cents. From Egypt to Pontus, not more than thirty cents. This price is inexplicably low. A soldier in the infantry received for pay and rations for himself and attendant, thirty cents daily; officers

twice, and the generals only four times as much. Here is a great contrast with modern usage.

Public physicians were sometimes appointed. Hippocrates is said to have received a stipend from Athens, and to have been physician to the State. Democedes in the sixtieth Olympiad, about 538 years before Christ, received at Ægina \$900. He was invited to Athens with a salary of \$1,500; but Polycrates and Samos secured him for \$1,800. In those days money was still scarce.

The stars at the theater received enormous compensation. The highest sum mentioned is \$900 for two days, which would nearly satisfy our most popular players.

Protagoras, the Abderite, began teaching for money. He demanded for a complete course \$1,500. Gorgias required as much, yet died poor. Some finding the charges high, used to cheapen the wisdom of the philosopher; just as now, copy-rights are a subject of discussion. But competition reduced prices. Evenus asked only \$150 in the age of Socrates; and at the same price Isocrates taught the whole art of rhetoric. Prodicus used to sell tickets for separate lectures.

One per cent. a month was the usual rate of interest; yet there was no legal restriction of usury. The trade in money, like every thing else, was left wholly free, and the rates varied from ten to thirty-six per cent. In cases of bottomry, this last rate was the highest. It is plain that insurance was in such cases paid for, not less than the use of capital. The high rates may be ascribed to the insecurity of the times, imperfect legislation, the difficulty of pursuing a claim in a foreign State, and the faulty administration of justice.

The brokers made their gain partly by exchanging coin at a premium, but far more by receiving deposits and lending them again at a higher rate than they themselves agreed to pay. Some of them enjoyed the best credit, and received money and notes on deposit. Pasion, at once a banker and a broker, used to make a clear profit of \$1,500 annually. Bankruptcies among the brokers were not unknown.

Imprisonment for debt was not allowed. The Code of Solon, five hundred years before Christ, terminated at Athens that mortgaging of the body which has so long deformed the codes of modern States.

It seems doubtful whether investments in real estates were profitable ones. In the cases of which accounts are preserved, the returns seem not to have exceeded eight or nine per cent. Yet the number of those who lived in hired houses was hardly less than 45,000, with a proportionate number of slaves.

MINISTERIAL AUTHORSHIP.—It is almost incredible—says the New York Observer—to one whose thoughts have been directed to the subject, how enormous is the amount of manuscript produced by a minister in the course of a long term of ministerial life. Some of the ministers of the past generation did not

content themselves with writing two sermons a week. Rev. Reuben Puffer, of Berlin, Massachusetts, wrote so much more than that, that at the time of his death he had fifty sermons in advance; and Rev. Joseph Hughes, of Batterson, England, left a hundred sermons, written at full length, not one of which had been delivered. But if no more than two sermons a week be written, the aggregate, in a series of years, will exceed that of any other species of authorship.

The stock of manuscript sermons left by the late Rev. E. Kempe, of Richmond Terrace, England, amounted in weight to nearly a tun. The late Rev. Dr. Proal, of Utica, New York, found himself, when death drew near, in possession of more than seventeen hundred sermons, which he caused to be carried out of doors, and the whole pile to be set on fire, while he sat and watched the destruction of the labors of many years. Rev. Joshua Moody, the first minister of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, wrote four thousand and seventy-six sermons in thirty-nine years. Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., is said to have written a thousand sermons in ten years. Rev. Asa M'Farland, D. D., of Concord, New Hampshire, left two thousand and fifty-four sermons, written in twenty-six years, an average of seventy-six a year. Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., in his fortieth anniversary sermon, stated that he had written four thousand sermons at full length. Rev. John Crane, D. D., of Northbridge, Massachusetts, wrote four thousand sermons in fifty years. Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D., of West Springfield, Massachusetts, left more than five thousand manuscript sermons; besides which he had published six octavo volumes of sermons, and a larger number of single and occasional discourses than any other American divine of his day, or any other day, except that of Cotton Mather. Rev. Timothy M. Cooley, D. D., of Granville, Massachusetts, left a memorandum that he had preached nine thousand sermons; making all reasonable allowances for those that had been preached twice or more, he could not have written less than seven thousand. How many sermons were written by Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., of Franklin, Connecticut, is not known, but he was in the habit of writing two and sometimes three sermons a week, even when he was ninety-five years old: he must have produced, during his ministerial life of seventy years, as many as seven thousand sermons.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.—In Thatcher's Military Journal, under date of December, 1776, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duche, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—a historical curiosity:

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires, and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech thee, on these American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give; take them, there-

fore, Heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council, and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince *them* of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, O let the voice of thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the counsels of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish among thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the *millions* they represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Savior. Amen!"

NOTES ON OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light till their eyes are almost blinded, or till certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he ought to lie down till he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we can not cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.—*The Moralist*.

ANCIENT PAPER.—Mr. Toulmin Smith, in examining a mass of rolls at the Record Office, dated 1388, made the discovery that linen paper was thus early used in England. The quality is peculiar, and is apparently an imitation of the texture of vellum. After five hundred years of very bad treatment it has proved itself to be equally valuable for the preservation of public records. This discovery raises the question as to the date of the first paper manufactured in England.

Library Notices.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: The Boyle Lectures for the year 1864. By Charles Merivale, B. D. Small 8vo. Pp. 267. Muslin, \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A work on the conversion of the Roman Empire, from the pen of the learned author of "A History of the Romans under the Empire," could not fail to be one of great learning and value; and from the announcement of its publication in England till it reached our table we anxiously waited for the treat which we knew was in store for us. We have not been disappointed in the reading of the work. And yet it is not just what we expected. We were not surprised to find the great historian departing from the common argumentative style of the Boyle lectures and choosing rather the historical method of treating his great subject; but having made this choice, we expected more minute history, a richer exhibit of facts. The history of the author is philosophical—a history of the Roman mind in its developments and struggles during the first three or four centuries after the introduction of Christianity. It is a history which exhibits not so much the power and triumph of Christianity in converting the Roman Empire, as the providential training of the Roman mind by the events of Roman history, the progress and changes of Roman philosophy, and the circumstances of Roman social life, for the ready reception of Christianity when it came to them. In this preparatory training, too, though it passes on through two or three centuries after the origin of Christianity, Christianity itself has but little to do. The preparation is of God, but it is historical, it is providential, it is intellectual; and then when the preparation is complete, Christianity comes forward in wonderful adaptation to the questions that have been awakened in the heathen mind, and to the deep intellectual and spiritual needs that have been developed in the people. We need not say that this historical development has been traced by the author in a masterly manner, and that his work is of great value in giving to the world this profoundly-interesting chapter in the history of mind. We only feel grieved that one who has done this for us, and who is so capable, has not done more. We confess, too, that it does not give us that idea of the power of Christianity in making the conquest of the Roman Empire that we hoped to gain from such a work. It shows us Rome getting ready to be converted, and that, too, under influences other than those springing from Christianity, rather than the new divine religion entering into the territories of paganism and making conquest of them by the power of its truth, its life, its divinity. Evidently the author's work only gives us one side of the great movement, and that the providential side, while it leaves the great chapter of Christianity herself working her way into the heart of the empire unwritten. What he has done is done well, and of course every Christian scholar will read it. Of the scholarship, style, and eloquence of the author we

need say nothing. One of the lectures—the fifth—on "The Heathen Awakened to a Sense of His Spiritual Danger," is one of the most beautiful and touching exhibitions of the profound and sorrowful workings of the human spirit awakened to a consciousness of its sinfulness, and yet deprived of the guiding light of Divine truth, we have ever read. Appended to the lectures are eighty-three pages of historical notes, as interesting and valuable as the body of the work itself. The book is issued in Appleton's best style.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. By Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12mo. Pp. 506. Cloth, \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is a republication of several critical essays originally published in various reviews and magazines, all of which attracted attention by their originality, some of which called forth considerable dissent, and some even provoked hostility by the sharpness and severity of their criticism. They are well worthy of reappearing in this more permanent form. Mr. Arnold, son of the great Arnold of Rugby, Professor of Poetry in the venerable University of Oxford, himself a poet, is a critic by profession and nature. His views of the office of criticism are elevated and comprehensive; his first essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," gives to the critic a high position, ranking him almost with the original producer, the literary creators, and claiming for the genius of the true critic no small share of that creative genius which manifests itself more frequently in conceiving and creating new works in the department of literature. "It is the business of the critical power," he writes, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." In literature the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. It is the office of criticism to make these best ideas current, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail; to create a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere in which the writer of books must live and work, and to the conditions of which he must conform. If this is the true office of criticism, and it certainly is a noble and useful one, how few critics have reached this height of their vocation, and how short is the distance criticism, at least in the English language, has gone toward the accomplishment of its mission! We confess that Mr. Arnold himself comes very near reaching his own ideal in the critical essays which follow this introductory one. This is a book not merely to be read but to be studied. A very important question is discussed in the essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies;" the criticism on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin is

appreciative and beautiful; on Heinrich Heine it is scholarly and instructive; on translating Homer it is learned, incisive, and severe on some attempts at translating the great poet. There are other essays in the work of equal value and interest.

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Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, June, 1865. *The North British Review*, June, 1865. American editions. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

Literary Notices.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: *The Boyle Lectures for the year 1864. By Charles Merivale, B. D. Small 8vo. Pp. 267. Muslin, \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*—

A work on the conversion of the Roman Empire, from the pen of the learned author of "A History of the Romans under the Empire," could not fail to be one of great learning and value; and from the announcement of its publication in England till it reached our table we anxiously waited for the treat which we knew was in store for us. We have not been disappointed in the reading of the work. And yet it is not just what we expected. We were not surprised to find the great historian departing from the common argumentative style of the Boyle lectures and choosing rather the historical method of treating his great subject; but having made this choice, we expected more minute history, a richer exhibit of facts. The history of the author is philosophical—a history of the Roman mind in its developments and struggles during the first three or four centuries after the introduction of Christianity. It is a history which exhibits not so much the power and triumph of Christianity in converting the Roman Empire, as the providential training of the Roman mind by the events of Roman history, the progress and changes of Roman philosophy, and the circumstances of Roman social life, for the ready reception of Christianity when it came to them. In this preparatory training, too, though it passes on through two or three centuries after the origin of Christianity, Christianity itself has but little to do. The preparation is of God, but it is historical, it is providential, it is intellectual; and then when the preparation is complete, Christianity comes forward in wonderful adaptation to the questions that have been awakened in the heathen mind, and to the deep intellectual and spiritual needs that have been developed in the people. We need not say that this historical development has been traced by the author in a masterly manner, and that his work is of great value in giving to the world this profoundly-interesting chapter in the history of mind. We only feel grieved that one who has done this for us, and who is so capable, has not done more. We confess, too, that it does not give us that idea of the power of Christianity in making the conquest of the Roman Empire that we hoped to gain from such a work. It shows us Rome getting ready to be converted, and that, too, under influences other than those springing from Christianity, rather than the new divine religion entering into the territories of paganism and making conquest of them by the power of its truth, its life, its divinity. Evidently the author's work only gives us one side of the great movement, and that the providential side, while it leaves the great chapter of Christianity herself working her way into the heart of the empire unwritten. What he has done is done well, and of course every Christian scholar will read it. Of the scholarship, style, and eloquence of the author we

need say nothing. One of the lectures—the fifth—on "The Heathen Awakened to a Sense of His Spiritual Danger," is one of the most beautiful and touching exhibitions of the profound and sorrowful workings of the human spirit awakened to a consciousness of its sinfulness, and yet deprived of the guiding light of Divine truth, we have ever read. Appended to the lectures are eighty-three pages of historical notes, as interesting and valuable as the body of the work itself. The book is issued in Appleton's best style.

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MUSIC.—*Funeral March, to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln.* By Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. *O, Send me One Flower from his Grave!* Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. New York: Horace Waters, 481 Broadway. 30 cents by mail.

The National Jubilee Prize Song. Words by Charles Wilcox. Music by Konrad Treuer. This song was produced in reply to the offer of one hundred dollars as a prize, and was adjudged the best. *The Nation in Tears.* In Memoriam. A Dirge in Memory of the Nation's Chief. *The Whip-poor-will.* By H. Millard. *Love on the Brain.* Music by Mrs. Parkhurst. Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Published by Wm. Jennings Demorest, 39 Beekman-street, New York. 30 cents each by mail.

CATALOGUES.—*Cornell College*, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. President, Rev. G. B. Bowman. Students, 423. Fall term, August 31st. *Mount Union College*, Mt. Union, Ohio. President, Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, LL. D. Students, 370. Fall term, August 8th. *Northern Indi-*

ana College, South Bend, Indiana. President, Rev. Levi Tarr, A. M. Students, 286. Fall term, September 25th. *Kansas State Agricultural College*, Manhattan, Kansas. President, Rev. Joseph Denison, D. D. Fall term, September 9th. *Pittsburg Female College*, Pittsburg, Penn. President, Rev. I. C. Pershing, D. D. Students, 419. Fall term, August 29th. *Valparaiso Male and Female College*, Valparaiso, Indiana. President, Rev. B. Wilson Smith, A. M. Students, 300. Fall term, September 20th. *Indiana Female College*, Indianapolis, Indiana. President, W. H. DeMotte, A. M. Fall term, September 4th. *Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute*, Pennington, New Jersey. Rev. D. C. Knowles, A. M., Principal. Fall term, September 6th. *Willoughby Collegiate Institute*, Willoughby, Ohio. P. A. Laffer, A. M., Principal. Fall term, August 14th. *Clark Seminary*, Aurora, Illinois. Rev. George W. Quereau, A. M., Principal. Fall term, September 4th. *Western Educational Institute*, Warrenton, Missouri. Rev. Herm. Koch, Principal. Fall term, September 19th.

Editor's Study.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

NUMBER II.

WHAT have we gained by the war toward a settlement of the vexed questions involved in the status of the colored man in this country? This question contains too much to have been answered just at the close of our previous article, and we recur to it here.

First, we have gained greatly in the changed views and sentiments of our people with regard to the negro and the question of slavery. Thousands who, up to the breaking out of the war, were held by prejudice or bound by party, and who either remained silent, or acted and voted in a manner contrary to their true convictions, have been emancipated and enabled to avow themselves friends of the negro and antagonists of slavery. Thousands more have been actually converted from erroneous and unjust views with regard to the colored race. There are very few honest thinkers now left in all the North as advocates of slavery; very few who do not directly trace our calamities to the existence and influence of this evil. The antagonism of slavery and freedom, the impossibility of the harmonious existence of free and slave institutions under the same government, the ruinous influence of slavery not only on those who endure, but also on those who practice it, are things now almost universally recognized and avowed. Slavery, we have all seen, strikes at the essential and fundamental principles of our free Government, and, therefore, slavery itself is treason. The pulpit is free, the press is free, and men are enabled to avow their honest convictions without fear of ostracism from either Church or State. Antislavery papers are published in Virginia, in North and South Carolina, in Kentucky, in Tennessee. In places where a few years ago it was death to question the right of slavery, the whole subject can now be candidly and

deliberately discussed. We have gained, then, in this respect, a regeneration of the nation; our eyes have been opened, our prejudices have been rebuked, our judgments have been purified, our preachers, our writers, our orators have been emancipated.

And yet we are far from supposing that our gain here is absolute, universal, and final. The slaveholders of the South in general are only subdued and vanquished, not convinced and conquered. Many of them still believe they have not been wrong, but unfortunate; they have committed no crime against God, or humanity, or the country, except the crime of being too weak to succeed. They submit without conviction; they accept what the more numerous and the more powerful impose upon them; but their views, their spirit, their wishes are still the same. Their views of slavery are what they have always been; the recognition of the humanity of the negro, the progress in the doctrines of freedom, so marked in the North, have made but little advance in the South. Doubtless many wise, thoughtful, observant men of the South have seen, as we have, the wrong of human bondage and its antagonism to the institutions of the country, and are entirely prepared to abandon it; but they are not the men who will be foremost in action, and whose influence will be most prominent in the political questions of the future. To the unconvinced multitudes of the South we must join the dissatisfied political aspirants of the North, who, whatever may be their convictions of truth and right, are ready to barter all principles for political success. Thus is created at once a formidable party, which, to say the very least, is not in sympathy with the advanced sentiments of freedom and humanity. We have but to look upon the schemes of this party in both sections to see that our victory, even in thought, is not complete, and that battles long and earnest, but, we trust, unbloody, are yet to be

fought, before the American mind will be wholly emancipated from the errors, prejudices, and wrongs of the past. Yet the progress has been wonderful and the gain incalculable; the advocates of right, justice, and liberty have gained a great victory, and now occupy a vantage-ground from which, if true to their principles, no power can move them.

Secondly. We have gained the emancipation of the negro. Though this is not altogether a fact accomplished, yet so far has the work advanced that we can not suppose there can be any failure here. The immortal Proclamation, which was the battle-cry of the nation during two years of the most terrible heat of the strife, and which declared *free forever* the slaves in the States in actual rebellion, surely can never be revoked. Whatever else is conceded for the sake of peace and reconstruction, we are sure this will not be conceded. On "this line" our noble generals "fought it out" to the bitter end, and we are quite sure this line of victory will never be effaced. We rejoice to find the President standing as firmly on this Proclamation, as we believe its illustrious author himself would have done. This much, then, is gained. The rebellion that would have riveted forever the chains on its helpless victims, and to accomplish its inhuman aim would have sacrificed the nation, has itself demolished its own idol, and broken the chains of its own captives. In addition to this, by actual enactments of Congress and by changes of State Constitutions, the domain of freedom has been still further enlarged. The District of Columbia is free; Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri are free; West Virginia is in a rapid process of emancipation; thousands have been liberated by the necessities of the war in Kentucky, and thousands more in the exempted portions of Louisiana. The sublime national movement amending the Constitution of the United States so as to prohibit slavery forever in all the territories of the Republic is on its triumphant march through the Legislatures of the States. Surely in this march of freedom there can be no regression, and we are justified in beginning to sing the pæans of universal liberty in our beloved country. Our hearts swell with gratitude as we contemplate this grand result; as we see this terrible wrong removed from our country; as we behold the washing out even in blood of the foul stain on our history; as we see the banner of freedom rising above the smoke and carnage of battle and waving indeed over a nation of freemen. We are confident, however difficult may be some questions still before us, "He that hath begun this good work among us will perfect it unto the end."

But this very result places before us some grave and difficult questions. What is the political status of the freedman? What privileges shall he enjoy? Shall he be permitted to take care of himself, or shall he become a protégé of the Government? In recognizing his freedom do we recognize his manhood? Shall his position be one of political equality or of political degradation? These are serious questions. It is evident that the friends of humanity will demand for the freedman the rights of his manhood. It is equally evident that those who opposed his emancipation will oppose every movement toward enlarging his rights and privileges. Freedom implies more than the mere removal of chains; it implies the right of self-defense,

of self-culture, of self-advancement—the right of securing and enjoying every thing that pertains to personal interest and happiness; it implies equal rights with other men. Deprive the freedman of these rights and he is a slave still.

All these questions of the future of the freedmen are beginning to concentrate about one question which embraces them all, namely, the question of negro suffrage: *Shall the negro vote*, is the question of the hour. It is only so because it contains all other questions in it; it is not merely a question of the ballot—but is a brief form of putting the whole negro question—shall he be a man? will we recognize him as a citizen? The test question is, shall he vote? The question is a comprehensive one. If it were a mere question of the ballot, whether the negro should come to the polls and deposit his ticket; whether, like thousands of others, he should have the privilege of being played upon by politicians, of being bought and sold at elections, it would not be a very grave question. But it is far more than this. It is a question of his manhood. The right of suffrage is not merely the right of casting a vote; it is the right of being recognized as a citizen, of being represented as a citizen in the various departments of the Government; of having a voice in choosing who shall represent him in the Government, and of choosing, too, whom he pleases; it is the right of assisting in making and unmaking the laws which shall govern us, and he that possesses such rights is a freeman, a citizen, a man. It is easy to see, then, that the question of suffrage involves the whole question of political equality.

Again: the question is greatly complicated by the action of the President in his Proclamations of reconstruction, and the relation of these Proclamations to the Constitution under which we live. The President has chosen to recognize the rebellious States as parts of the Union, only thrown into abnormal or irregular relations to the Union by the rebellion, but entitled in the process of reconstruction to all the privileges of States, so far as they can be granted with safety to the country. This view of the status of rebellious States being granted, the President deprives himself of the right of interfering with the elective franchise in those States. He throws himself and the country back upon the Constitution, which places the question of suffrage in the power of the States. Whatever may be the law in the case, and whatever may be the abstract view that may be taken of the Constitutional relations of the rebellious States, it is certain that those relations were so very "abnormal" that the President found it absolutely necessary to resort to measures that he could not have used in times of peace, and to interfere directly with the State Governments by appointing Provisional Governors, and directly with the question of franchise by declaring who should, and thereby who should not vote. He was right in doing this. He did it under the pressure of necessity created by rebellion. Would to heaven he could have felt the pressure of this necessity a little further, and by the same power have determined the status of the freedmen and settled this question, which is destined yet to agitate and perhaps convulse the nation! We can not but feel that President Johnson missed the golden moment to put an end to these dangerous agitations, and the sublime

opportunity of placing himself by the side of his immortal predecessor, by an act of justice, of humanity, of far-seeing statesmanship, that would have ranked in moral grandeur with the Proclamation of Emancipation. It was due to the country—it was due to the heroes and veterans of the war—it was due to the negro—it was due to the torn and distracted South, that whom the war made free he should have made men. He did not, but threw the freedmen back into the power of their former masters, and gave to the country another question of debate and agitation, fraught with danger to the nation.

The question, then, has this additional embarrassment. By this action theegis of the Constitution is over the rebellious States. The question is almost entirely taken out of the hands of the loyal parts of the country and left in those hands that bound fast the fetters of the slave and struck against the life of the nation itself. It is true, as the President himself suggests, there is still an appeal to the Congress of the United States which may reverse this action, but only indirectly. Both houses of Congress have the right of determining the qualifications of their own members. But who does not see the grave difficulties that environ the question here? On what ground shall they dispute the seats of Southern representatives? On the ground of disloyalty? The war is over; they have been pardoned; they have taken the oath of allegiance; they have been elected under the plan prescribed by the President. Shall the direct question be brought forward and their seats contested on the ground that they have not been elected by a full loyal vote? With what grace could this come from representatives of States that are no more just to the negro than South Carolina? Besides, it depends merely upon the option of the clerk whether these Southern representatives shall not have a vote each on every other representative. If he enrolls them and calls their names their seats are secured till they are removed.

It is evident that the question is already surrounded with embarrassments; that it is largely removed out of the hands of the loyal parts of the country; that it is a question which we fear will finally have to be left to the former masters of the freedmen. Are they prepared to deal justly and wisely with the question? The freedom of the negro they are compelled to recognize; will they recognize his manhood? Will they treat him in his freedom justly and humanely? Will they give him an opportunity for self-development, for honest labor, for growing in intelligence, in wealth, in power, and influence? Will he be for them more a slave than ever, by being deprived of that care and protection which at least he would receive as his master's property? When we look at these questions and remember the spirit that has been manifested always by slave-owners—the spirit that has manifested itself through all this rebellion—the spirit that still manifests itself largely through the Southern States, we fear that there is but little hope of the negro's receiving justice, humanity, and the rights of man from his former enslaver. What then? God only knows what then! If the fearful lessons of the past, the chastening rod of God laid on this people, are not sufficient to teach them God's truth, and to develop justice and mercy toward fellow-creatures made by the same God and redeemed by the same Christ, we fear there are other chastenings in God's hand that will one day fall upon them more terribly than any thing that has yet reached them. God evidently intends that this nation shall deal justly with the black man. In the progress of his providence the time is at hand when we must acknowledge his manhood and deal with him as with a brother-man. If we do it freely, well; if not, there is a power in the hand of the negro himself that will one day make itself terribly felt. We devoutly pray that the dreadful experience of the past may be sufficient to make both sections of the country wise for the future.

Editor's Table.

ENGRAVINGS.—We have left ourselves but little room for editorial gossip with our readers; and, indeed, we do not need much in which to speak of our engravings. They speak for themselves. The first is a quiet moonlight scene on Lake Henderson, a romantic spot among the Adirondacks, that pleases and refreshes us in this hot July weather, by its look of quiet freshness and coolness. Just such an afternoon as the one on which we write we would like to sit on the brow of that dark hill in the foreground and dreamily listen to the rustling of the leaves and the play of the wavelets on the shore. But how our heart moves at the word "mother," as we turn our eye upon the next picture! What memories at once spring into life! How much of maternal happiness, pride, and affection is apparent in the placid expression of that mother's face! How much filial love, faith, and sense of security are visible in the bright eye, loving embrace, and half-defiant expression, as if saying to all the outside

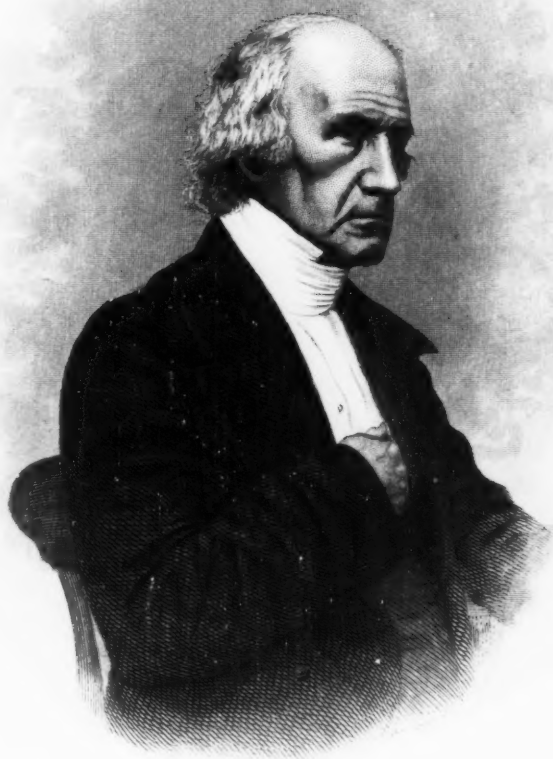
world, "Nothing can harm me now," in the face of that beautiful boy! Dear boy, you are in your Eden now; never more in the long years before you will you find another such place of security, a heart so loving, or arms so gentle to infold you. Happy childhood, happy maternity! The best of men look back and sigh for the innocence of the one—an angel might almost envy the other.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following we place on file for future use: My Grandmother Glade; Discords; Estrangement; The Serpent in Mythology; A Glimpse at Western Life; A New Way of Spending Christmas; Birds of Passage; Relief; A Story of a Robin; After Three Years; and Tragedy and Tragedians.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The Night Battle under Lookout Mountain; The March of Mind in the New World; Religion Indispensable, etc.; Braiding; Thoughts of Heaven; My Brother; To a Rose; My Boatman.



J.R.B. 1864.



WILLIAM WINDHAM, ESQ.